

# MCCALL'S

JANUARY 1919 MAGAZINE

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JANUARY

~MC CALL'S~

MAGAZINE



HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

FEW women choose their husbands with more care than we choose serials for McCall's. "Youth for Youth" begins in February. The tale is as packed with romance as the title itself. It weaves an alluring double love story around a young and charming woman, a woman charming and not so young, a sensitive boy and a man not so sensitive as sensible.



JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

GOOD news! This brilliant writer of big stories has written for us a brand new novel. Those who have read "The Compleat Family" in the December McCall's will know what to expect in this new serial—jolliness, modernness, winsomeness, loveliness.



RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

YOU will love Michael Daragh, the big, dear Irishman in "Jane Takes the Subway to the Heights," and you will love Jane too. Ruth Comfort Mitchell's cheeriness and poesy will color many a 1919 page of McCall's.

### Stories! Stories!

STORIES and more stories! From America's ablest writers, Alice Hegan Rice, Mary Hastings Bradley, William Almon Wolf, Mary Synon, Royal Brown, Dana Burnett. Something for the young, something for the old, something for the little folks, something for the big folks—something for everybody in the 1919 McCall's.

#### Price of McCall's Magazine

10 cents a copy at any news-stand or McCall Pattern Agency. Subscription price \$1.00 a year (12 issues). Canadian postage, 25 cents extra; foreign postage, 75 cents extra.

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number.

All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed.

## Our New Year's Resolve

TO make you laugh when laughter is your need.

To take you out of the commonplace of every-day and into the beautiful land of make-believe.

To stimulate you to new action when the zest for living seems gone.

To help you solve each big and little problem of your home.

To lead you out to the far horizon and show you the vision of a new day.

To gather all your dreams of a better world and articulate them—

THIS IS OUR NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.



## An Introduction

MCALL'S has a new Editor and we want you to know her. When Miss Myra Reed, who has so successfully edited McCall's, left to be married, Miss Bessie Beatty came to us out of the West. On the staff of the San Francisco Bulletin, she was for many years in the front rank of the progressive women of the Pacific Coast. When the fate of the Eight Hour Law for Women in California hung in the balance, she did as much as any other one person to put it through. Miss Beatty's ideas on what women and children want are based not only upon what she knows of the West; she has lived with the women of Sweden and Norway, of China and Japan, of our North and our South and our East—she knows women and children everywhere. Their interests are her interests; their likes, her likes.

With a fearlessness that even American men have envied, Miss Beatty went into Russia during the Revolution. She knows the patter of bullets in the streets of Petrograd, the stench and mud of the trenches, the joy and horror of ministering to wounded and dying soldiers. And she came back to write "The Red Heart of Russia," in which she tells of that land of chaos and high ideals.

She has returned from the heart of the war full of hope. She is making for you a magazine that not only meets the practical need of the American home, but will help women everywhere to lift a window on that larger world which they are so eager to explore.

THE PUBLISHERS.



Miss Beatty in the dark forests on the Russian Front



MARY HEATON VORSE

WHAT new world for women will come from the wreck of war? No one can answer with more authority than Mary Heaton Vorse. On the very day the whistles shrilled peace, Mrs. Vorse sailed from home. She went especially for McCall's—for you. She will peer into every possible corner of changing Europe. Her series should make the great magazine feature of the new era.



JEANETTE LEE

IT will be hard to decide which of Miss Lee's stories you like best—"Miss Henrietta's Will," in this issue, or the wholly different, equally distinguished, "The Day the Clock Was Set Ahead," coming in an early issue. And other issues will have many more, just as good!



INEZ HAYNES IRWIN

ALL America has laughed and wept with the Martins. They are America, each of us—all of us. Phoebe and Ernest and the others are to march through the pages of McCall's into the hearts of American home-lovers.

### Styles! Styles!

DO you want to know what is being worn in Paris and New York? Do you want to be able to have up-to-the-minute clothes at prices you can afford?

The Fashion Pages of the 1919 McCall's will be full of the latest, smartest styles for you and your children.

McCall Patterns make home-sewing easy and profitable.

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Vice-President

# Making the World Safe For Babies



"I feel as if all the reconstruction depended on me. The most we can hope to do for France is to help the refugee babies to grow up into a strong, new France." From the letter of a Red Cross nurse at an Infants' Home Outside Paris.



"You would never guess that my infant Lafayettes and Bernhardtts, playing peek-a-boo, had been born to the tune of booming guns. All the scared, peeked looks are vanishing under the good food and care here in the country," writes the same nurse.



Seven little croupy French sleepyheads in the Grenelle Mission of the Rue de l'Avre in Paris. Before the war, American women ran a Settlement here, where now the Red Cross maintains a dispensary. When pale little children are brought in with "consumption," they are sent to the country to a Red Cross hospital for the tubercular. Why don't we do this everywhere at home?



A public health nurse is showing the proper way to bathe the baby. These nurses are meeting with growing appreciation here and abroad. It is hoped that before Children's Year is over the Congress of the United States will have passed a measure now pending which provides government aid for the support of nurses who will advise and assist mothers in rural districts.



Clinics where mothers may obtain advice on how to keep their babies well are part of the infant welfare work carried on by the Children's Bureau of the Red Cross in France. The founding of similar clinics for American children during Children's Year has been advocated by the Children's Bureau of the United States Department of Labor.

These little brown-eyed things are Bohemian babies just weighed and measured in a Chicago Welfare Station. Children's Year has shown that foreign mothers are eager to learn "American ways" of caring for their children. In Chicago, and other large centers of foreign population, lectures on child care have been crowded with mothers.



Companies of the A. E. F. are adopting French orphans. "The children of France began to smile again in the summer of 1918. They found out they had two million Uncle Sams."



THE story of this page and all its pansy-faced children is one of the great stories of the war. The pictures were brought into the office by a girl from the American Red Cross. It is two years since a Spring Drive "made all the difference," and she knows herself as one of a widowed generation.

"Life's grown pretty horrid and complicated since I was laughing in my crib," she said. "My family lived out in the Mississippi Valley in a nice little town where eggs were twenty cents a dozen and petunias grew in the yard. There was no A. E. F., no Red Cross with millions of members, no 'Fatherless Children of France.'"

The Girl from Washington looked out the window, down on to an alley roof where a Polish mother was patiently hanging out baby things. If the mother had looked up she would have seen the high blue sky of New York. But a gust of smoke was maliciously making a target of her fresh wash, and a lumpy little baby was scrambling into the clothes basket. The woman snatched her child, and dashed her apron across her eyes.

"I guess you see what I mean," said the Girl from Washington. "Here's Mrs. Sladonska with only a roof, where my mother had an Indiana garden that ran down to the banks of the St. Joe. If we're going to help her we've got to organize."

"I feel like a sailor I overheard down in the Newport News Canteen, spouting to some boys from his own ship. 'I tell you,' he pounded, 'we had to get together to win this war.' I feel as if women, and mostly girls like I, have got to 'get together' and mind the world's babies. We only think of them one by one, with little eiderdown quilts over them. We must think of the babies who have no cribs at all, of the 'petits enfants' in France and Belgium and Russia, of all the little kids in England, Australia, Italy, Serbia, and from Maine to Texas, whose mothers have no daddy to help in keeping the youngsters their fathers died for, healthy and happy."

She undid the package of pictures from the Red Cross Children's Bureau in France and our own United States Government Children's Bureau in Washington.

"Well," she said, "the Red Cross has done many, many things for the soldiers, but the reason I'm glad I work for them is that they've raised an army of doctors, nurses and helpers, and they're winning a square deal, square meals and a happy time for the sick and hungry children of Europe."

"The folks who 'mind the babies' are the folks who are going to keep this war good and won."



The King of England has signed a bill making it possible for mothers to go to the government when their babies are sick. There is a Smith-Rankin bill before our own Congress now which provides that the Federal Government help pay the salaries of nurses and doctors for mothers to consult about their babies. Some day Dr. Cora Allen, one of America's gifts to France, will come home to help our babies.



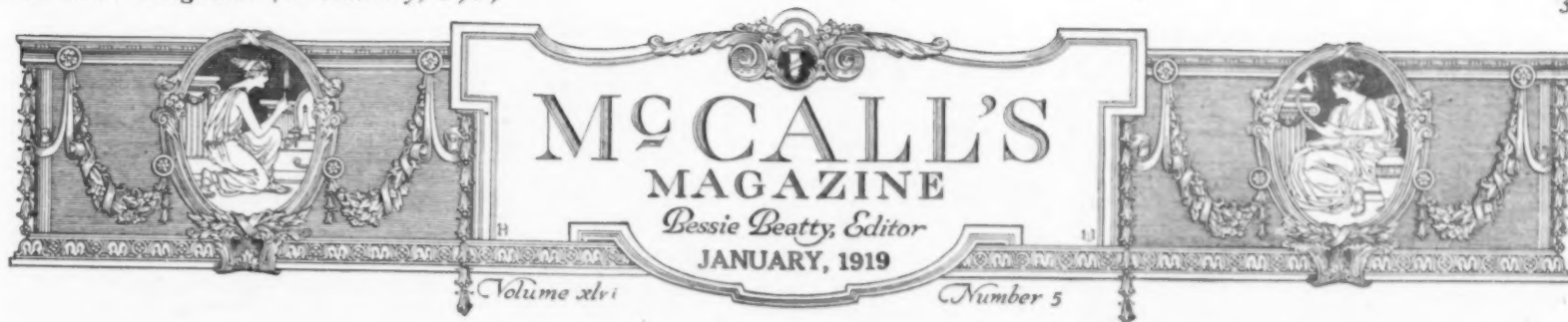
In France, women are learning to love Elizabeth Ashe, Chief of the Nursing Service, Red Cross Children's Bureau. In America women are learning to write to Miss Julia Lathrop of the U. S. Children's Bureau on how to care for themselves before their babies come. Some day all governments will know that children are their land's treasure.



A new kind of bread line—more hopeful than usual and more promising, too. French youngsters waiting at the dispensary to get rid of stomach aches and find their growing appetites again. The Jeanne d'Arc dispensary is paid for by the Red Cross and run by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul.

Each of these French tots looks quaintly, hopefully out upon a world of promise. Who can resist feeling about children as Lord Rhondda did when he said, "The care of the children is a sacred duty we owe to those who are giving their lives for us at the front, and we can best help our country in these critical times by helping little children."





# Miss Henrietta's Will

A Benevolent Autocrat Helps the God of Love

By Jeanette Lee

ILLUSTRATION BY T. K. HANNA

THE man sitting in front of the fire in Miss Henrietta Flint's drawing-room looked about its gracious spaces with approving glance, almost an appraising glance. His eye rested a minute on the French clock, it traveled slowly to the cloisonné vases on either side of the tall windows and dropped to the Bokhara rug that covered nearly half the length of the dark polished floor. It was a beautiful room—a little old-fashioned and conventional, perhaps, in its furnishing, but the essentials were there, and they were all good. The bronze drop-light on the table cast a softened glow on the room, and Chauncey Marriott's eye approved it all.

Henrietta had excellent taste. And she had always had the money to satisfy it.

His mind touched lightly on the money. He, too, had excellent taste, though not always the means to gratify it. He glanced again at the clock over the fireplace.

A step sounded in the hall and he looked quickly toward the door. It opened to a gentle touch. He got to his feet, a look of deep respect in his face.

But the girl who stood in the door was not Miss Henrietta Flint. She was young and charming and had a look of subdued radiance as she came forward, holding out her hand.

"Henrietta is so sorry!" she said apologetically. "But she begs you to excuse her to-night."

"She is not ill, I hope?" He had taken her hand and was holding it. If she sought to withdraw it, the effort was not apparent. She only smiled at him frankly.

"No, she is not really ill, I think. She is very tired. The doctor came. But he only told her to rest. She said she hoped you would stay a while and talk with me," she added with a little look of happiness. The man's smile returned the happiness of the look.

"Miss Flint is very kind," he said formally. "She takes away a pleasure only to give you something far more rare!"

"Oh—!" The girl's inflection was vague.

"Won't you sit down?" She motioned to the fire and drew a piece of knitting from the bag on her arm, seating herself where the light from the table fell on her and on her needles. "I still have to count," she said.

"It does not matter—I have something beautiful to look at," said the man under his breath.

"One—two . . . What was it you said?" she asked absently. She did not look up. A little flush was in her face.

The man laughed gently. He did not repeat the words. She finished the row and looked up.

"There!" Something in his glance seemed to startle her and she looked down again.

The fire glowed on the hearth. There was silence in the room. The man was turning something in his mind. He was sure—almost . . . The girl knitting was considering something, for the first time perhaps. If it had flitted through her mind before, she had never let herself recognize it. Mr. Marriott was Henrietta's friend—a very old friend. His frequent visits had no special meaning. At least she had always fancied so. But to-night—

Outside—behind the curtained windows she could hear the wind blowing freshly. She glanced across to him.

"The wind is in the north-west," she said quietly.

He laughed out. It was like Celia to bring the wind into the room with them.

"How do you know?" he asked skeptically. She stopped her knitting and looked at him in surprise.

"Why—it's the feeling you have," she said slowly.

"Don't you know—everything alive and happy and something coming!" She stopped abruptly. Her cheeks were flushed softly again.

"Yes, I've had that feeling," he admitted half-teasingly. He felt so sure now—of happiness and the right thing to do. She hurried on . . .

"Quite different from what you feel when the wind's in the south! Then nothing goes right. Everything you try to do has a wrong twist to it. . . . And when it's in the east—" She shivered.

"I'd almost as soon be dead as wake up with the wind in the east!" she admitted, laughing.

"How about the south-east?" he asked lazily. He was watching her with great content. She would be an adorable companion . . .

"In the south-east—?" She wrinkled her brow a little. "Oh—that's just betwixt and between." She turned her head to the window.

"Listen!"

The wind came driving against it. It seemed almost to enter the room and surround them. It filled his blood. He leaned forward a little—

"Celia!" he said softly.

She glanced up at him quickly. He had never spoken her name like that— She held up a hand—

"Wait—I am counting!" Her voice trembled.

She knew he was going to speak and she was glad. One—two—three— Something suffused her eyes, blotting out the stitches. She looked up to him.

"What is it—?" she asked . . .

There was a light rap on the door and she turned her head impatiently.

"Come in," she said.

The servant who entered glanced at her almost apologetically, as if she felt the electric tension of the room and knew her presence to be an intrusion.



The girl's eyes turned again to Philip's face. "Why were you so surprised?" she asked. "Probably because he saw I was going to make a clatter," said Chauncey Marriott.

"Miss Flint asked me to say, will you please come to her room, to witness a will. She says it will only take a minute—if Mr. Marriott will kindly excuse you." The girl by the table was looking at her in startled surprise.

"Her will!" she said slowly. "Miss Flint's will!"

Then she recovered herself. "Of course. Tell her I am coming, Margaret." The woman withdrew.

The girl's glance fluttered to the knitting in her lap and then to the man. There was a little cloud on his face—a half-startled annoyance.

"It will only be a minute!" she murmured. And then quickly— "How strange of her to want to make her will—to-night! Don't you think it strange? Do you suppose she can be really ill?"

He made a gesture of assurance. "More likely a whim. You know it would be like her to make a will when you least expect it!" He spoke lightly, but there was still a shade of annoyance in his face.

"I must go at once!" she said. "You will stay till I come back?" She spoke timidly, yet with a little air of half-happy possession. He moved to open the door for her.

"I shall be here," he assured her.

She looked up and nodded. There was something child-like in the smile she gave him.

"I will not be long."

He closed the door and turned away.

He stood with his hands thrust deep in his pockets, a thoughtful frown between his eyes. He was looking across the room—staring at nothing. He was seeing the look in Dr. Carswell's face when they met in the hall, less than an hour ago.

"Miss Flint is very ill," the doctor had said gravely. He spoke to Chauncey Marriott as a friend of Miss Henrietta—one of her oldest friends, in fact. . . . And Chauncey Marriott, as a friend of Miss Henrietta, had been duly shocked. But beneath the shock had been the quiet assumption that Celia Goldthwaite would be Miss Henrietta's heir. He knew Henrietta well. For a year past there had not been a doubt in his mind that the bulk of her fortune would go to the girl whom, five years before, she had taken into her heart and home.

Now she had sent for Celia—to witness her will. The frown between his eyes deepened as he faced the curious problem that presented itself to him.

The girl hastening down the hall to Miss Henrietta Flint's room had not lost her little smile. It was still on her face as she opened the door and went in.

The room lay in half-shadow. Only the space about the bed was lighted by a brilliant glow from the lamp on the stand beside it. Papers were spread on the stand and a small man bent over them, writing. Propped among the pillows, Miss Henrietta Flint was dictating the words that ran so smoothly from the lawyer's pen. She lifted a hand to the girl who entered.

"Wait a minute, Celia!" she said. "I've nearly done." The girl waited by the door.

The woman closed her eyes and rested back, thinking. Her face, framed in the dark mass of gray hair, was high-bred, a little scornful, with something pathetic in the sagging droop of the mouth and the wrinkled, restless lines of the brow. She opened her eyes and flashed a smile at the girl, and the pathos vanished in humor.

"I'm wondering what to leave William," she said.

"William?—Why not leave him the horses?" responded the girl.

"I believe I will! You're so right, Celia! You're always right!" She turned to the lawyer.

"To William Olmstead, the gray carriage horses with five thousand dollars for their keep—to go to William after the horses die or are sold—You put it into language, please."

The lawyer smiled faintly—"five thousand dollars for maintenance," his pen wrote smoothly on.

The woman chuckled. "That will give William a chance to find out how fond he really is of his horses!" she said. William and the gray horses had been retained after the cars were installed by Miss Henrietta, as a tribute to William's feelings. Miss Henrietta was always kind to those who served her. The girl came across to her.

"What does it mean, Henrietta?" she asked intently. She moved a hand to the lawyer and his papers. The older woman glanced at them and smiled.

"It's my will," she said cheerfully.

"Evidently. But why to-night?" The woman hesitated a second. "I felt like it," she said. "And the doctor was so dictatorial I thought I'd have some one in that I could dictate to!" The old lawyer responded with a slight bow and a dry smile. It was respectful and impersonal, and addressed to a half million dollars more or less, well invested. He placed the blotter evenly on the paper.

"Is that all?" he asked.

"Oh—I hope so!" She was wrinkling her brow. "I've probably forgotten half my friends!" The lawyer cleared his throat.

"I will read it to you," he said.

"Mercy! Do I have to hear it all over again?" she asked helplessly.

"To be sure of its correctness," said the lawyer.

She leaned back with a little sigh. "You go outside, Celia, dear. You don't need to hear it before you have to!"

The girl's eyes met hers in quiet understanding. She went out, closing the door softly.

She moved to a chair by the window and sat down, drawing the curtains together behind her and shutting out the light of the hall. In the faint moonlight outside tree branches moved like great swaying, swinging fans. Clouds drifted and changed across the sky. Some spirit of the night seemed to move and toss itself free as she gazed.

"Wind in the north-west," she thought, pressing her forehead to the pane and staring out. She did not need to hear the lawyer's dry, crisp voice to know what he was reading back there in Henrietta's room. . . . Henrietta's will was making provision for her—They did not need to speak of it, she and Henrietta, or to explain. In the five years they had lived together they had never had to explain—anything.

Sitting there, her thought went back to the day she first came on Henrietta in the old hotel at Augsburg. She had seemed an old woman then—so much older than to-night—and everyone had been a little afraid of the autocratic rich American who was hard to please. She smiled, thinking of Henrietta's tongue and the little circle it had kept clear about her in Augsburg. . . . Only for her there had never been any fear. She had stepped inside the circle—at first because she felt pity for the lonely woman, and then because she found charm there, and at last had come the day when they both knew she would never leave it. She, too, left alone by her mother's death and wandering

about Europe with the little remnant of fortune from the California ranch, was lonely—until the day when Henrietta came into her life and took possession of it. Henrietta was like that in possessing you—as restless as the wind out there. Her thought knit them together—the imperious woman listening to her will there behind the closed door, and the free tossing wind in the trees outside.

There was no tinge of sadness in her musing. Henrietta was not dead, or dying. She was only making her will because the whim took her to-night. It was exactly like her to put off the disposal of her fortune to some odd, inconvenient moment like this—when it suited her.

The girl's eyes rested on a figure coming shadowily up the driveway, the figure of a man, that turned to the left and was lost to sight. It looked like Philip Marsden, she thought vaguely. He would be disappointed not to see Henrietta. And Henrietta would be disappointed. She relied on Philip Marsden, and consulted him in all her affairs, big and little. Perhaps she had sent for him to-night. She leaned forward, catching sight again of the passing figure through the shrubbery—Yes, it was Philip. It was good to know that he was here. She wondered if he would stay till she came down. Then her thought flashed to the other man waiting for her below—the man whom an hour ago she had thought of only as Henrietta's friend. And now—Her heart beat quickly. . . . How the wind tugged and swayed the trees out there! She turned at a slight sound. The door to Henrietta's room was open and the maid stood in it looking for her. She stepped from behind the curtains.

"I am here, Margaret." She entered the room. Henrietta, among her pillows, looked tired, she thought. The

But at last the older woman roused herself. "You must go down, dear," she said cheerfully. "Chauncey Marriott is still waiting, isn't he?" Her tone was dry.

"Yes. He said he would wait." The girl's voice was dreamy. Chauncey Marriott seemed very far away. She was resting in the love that had become part of her life. It was wrought into all her loneliness. . . . What if Henrietta was going to die! She put it from her fiercely. She could not think of life without her. . . . Even the thought of Chauncey Marriott and the wonder that he should love her, dimmed before it.

The older woman withdrew her arm. She was arranging the lace at her wrists with careful precision and did not look up.

"One thing I want you to remember, Celia."

"Yes, dear?" The girl's eyes were on her face with affectionate inquiry. She was thinking how sad the face looked with the eyes withdrawn like that.

"I want you always to remember that I cared—enough to hurt you—if need be," said the woman. "Remember that." "Of course I shall remember. You did not need to tell me!" The tone was a little hurt.

The woman lifted her face and looked quietly at her. . . .

"A man cared once—he said. But he loved my money more. I found out in time, thank heaven—only it killed me first. . . . Now you understand, child. Run down and see Chauncey. Tell him I am sorry to have kept him waiting so long." There was something like a mingled gleam of malice and humor in the face lifted to her. The girl bent to it swiftly.

"Dear Henri!" she said, "I understand perfectly."

The look vanished and became very gentle.

"Child—child!" She drew her down and held her for a minute.

"Now go!" she said, smiling. And the girl took with her the look on Henrietta's face—the malice had vanished and it was very beautiful.

She went slowly down the long stairs, her thought returning to the man waiting in the room below. . . . Did she really care? she wondered. Something of her heart seemed left back in the room with Henrietta. How could one be sure? There had never been any question of her love for Henri. They had seemed to belong together from the first day. Was a man's love different? Was one always uncertain and a little afraid of it?

She paused at the foot of the stairs, looking toward the drawing-room. Voices! Then she remembered—Philip! She quickened her step—and again the feeling of comfort swept through her. She was glad Philip had not gone away. His presence seemed a protection. It gave her time—time to think and be sure of herself.

The two men standing before the fire turned quickly as the door opened. The younger one, taller by a head than Chauncey Marriott, smiled to her. Then he came forward and took her outstretched hand.

"You could not get rid of us, you see!"

"I did not want to get rid of you. I am so glad you are here!"

Something in the sincerity of her words made the two men glance at her quickly.

"But Henrietta will be sorry!" she added.

"How is she?" The question came from both, and she looked from one to the other as she replied.

"She is only tired," she says. "And now that her will is made, she will probably go to sleep."

"Her will!" Philip Marsden's tone was startled. The girl nodded.

"She took it into her head to do it to-night!" She was smiling at him. He knew Henrietta so well. He would be amused, as she was, at this new freak.

But his face was only grave.

"Why should she do it to-night?" he asked. The other man's voice took it up with a laugh.

"Don't you know Henrietta!" he said. "Don't you know she would never do a thing like other women?" He spoke a little overbearing.

But Philip Marsden did not look at him. His eyes were on the girl's face.

"I think it is only a whim," she replied, as if he had asked her the question. "She thought of it. She did it. The way she does everything—sent for her lawyer—had Margaret and me for witness—"

A little exclamation broke from him. She stopped.

"What is it?" she asked.

He hesitated. The older man had stepped back and the tongs and shovel overturned behind him with a clatter. He was visibly annoyed as he righted them. It was a clumsy movement for Chauncey, and he was not often clumsy.

The girl's eyes turned again to Philip's face. "Why were you so surprised?" she asked.

He hesitated slightly.

"Probably because he saw I was going to make a clatter before I did!" said Chauncey Marriott. "It was enough to surprise anyone!" He lifted a flushed face and brushed the marks of dust from his trousers. "Stupid!" he murmured.

Philip's face was still thoughtful.

"Have you and Henri quarreled?" he asked the girl abruptly.

"Quarreled! No—why should you think we quarreled?" And then—"I do not think we could quarrel," she added after a quick minute.

[Continued on page 40]

## Out of the Wreck—What?

**V**ICTORY is a heady wine. The Prussians drank of it long ago while France lay bleeding. It was a poison draught and Prussian power is dead.

To women everywhere this means nothing, unless it means that war has been stricken from the vocabulary of human possibilities.

To bear a race of human beings gifted with the fine art of living together in peace and amity—to make the world a safe and happy place for the practice of this art—these are the tasks of the woman whose vision is of the future.

We have a choice, a glorious opportunity. We can take the great, bruised and broken world in our arms as though it were a sick child and mother it back to health again, or we can trade upon its weakness and grow fat upon its need.

Reconstruction, re-creation, these are our special tasks. The hour challenges our woman talent for mending and healing. The women of Europe are weary with the load; the children of Europe are frail and undernourished. They will be hungry and cold and naked unless we feed and warm and clothe them.

Belgium, France, Italy, Russia, yes, and Germany—Germany and all the countries of middle Europe need us. They stand with empty, outstretched hands. The great privilege of filling them is ours; not that we may grow rich and fat and powerful and dig our graves as the Prussians did, but that we may grow rich in service, that we may take for ourselves a thing more precious than all the wealth and power of the Universe.

The reserves of the world are exhausted; the food stores are depleted; the coal supply is gone. We must save and sacrifice and give, for the glory of the hour of construction has come. We are builders, and on the ruins we will erect a new temple for the generations to come.

lawyer was fussing at his papers, arranging them neatly. The maid closed the door and was moving toward the dressing-room, but her mistress' voice stopped her.

"Wait, Margaret. I want you for a witness."

The lawyer looked up quickly. "Margaret—did you say?" He glanced down at the will, searching it with his finger. . . . "A beneficiary—" he murmured. "You know a witness can not inherit—Here it is—I give and bequeath to Margaret Gleason—" But the woman put out a hand.

"I know," she said. "That is Margaret who has been with me years. She is away now for a week, and this woman takes her place. Her name is really Alvira—But you can not call a maid Alvira, can you?" The lawyer smiled and cleared his throat.

"This is the place to sign," he said. He glanced over to the servant and held out the pen.

The rest of the formalities were quickly finished, and he gathered up the papers in his little bag.

"You wish me to keep this?" He indicated the will where the signatures of the two witnesses were scarcely dry.

"Yes. Don't let me see it again or hear of it ever, please!" Then, with a change to the unexpected courtesy that was always a part of her nature, she thanked him for coming so late and for being so patient with her whims. As he bent over her hand, Celia wondered again at the charm that Henrietta never failed to exert when it pleased her.

The door closed behind him and the two women looked at each other.

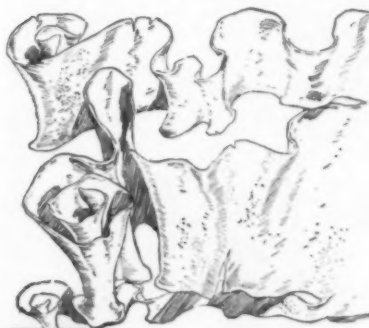
"Come here, dear!" said Henrietta.

"You are not really ill?" She was bending above her.

"Never felt better. I only wanted to get it off my mind."

The younger woman seated herself on the bed. They sat without speaking, as if the relation between them were wonted and tender and had no need of words.





# JOHN WILLIAM'S DIARY

*The Martial & Marital Exploits of  
a Young Old Man*

BY CROWLEY CONMARRA

Illustrations by  
John R. Flanagan



**I** SUPPOSE there ain't a great deal of use in keeping a diary, but I ain't got nothing else to do nowdays and so I am going to put down everything just as it comes along and maybe get some comfort doing it.

A man ain't always got everything just as he would like to have it. I am 78 come next April the 22nd, and I can work as good as anybody yet. But, no, my children are ashamed to have me work and I have got to set still and set still, until I am all tired out enjoying myself.

This morning when I was taking a little walk, I went down to the railroad tracks and set awhile with the old fellow that tends the crossing. His name is Peters. He is grumbling about having to work. There ain't none of us satisfied. Peters gets 29 dollars a month just for waving a flag at folks once in a while.

I am living with my daughter. I am going to live here a part of the year the rest of my life. I do not see why the Lord had to take Mattie first. If she had been left I suppose she would of had to of lived with the children, too, but I think she would of fitted in better. Or if she would not of fitted in better and had to be took, I wish I could of been took, too. When two folks lives together as long as Mattie and I did and then one of them is took away, the one that is left feels like a hollow shell walking around. Part of me is buried in the cemetery.

Or why can't I stay on the farm alone? Ain't nothing going to get me I guess. But just like I was a little boy or something, I have got to live with the children. It is getting cold in here. It is one o'clock. I guess I will go to bed.

Nov. the 6.—I shoveled the snow off the walk this P. M. It does seem as the snow come early this year to give me something to do. It would of been flying in the face of providence not to of shoveled when I got a chance. My daughter was real put out. She said the hired man that takes care of the furnace was hired to do that, besides washing windows, and what would the neighbors say about her letting her poor old father that had earned his repose do all the work around. But I shut my mouth and went and done it anyhow.

I went down and told Peters and he said I was a fool. He said if he was lucky like me he would not never do anything but smoke cigars and set in plush chairs and put his feet up and blow smoke all the rest of his life. Peters ain't got no sense, much. Besides he ain't never had to set around and rest.

November 7.—Went down to see Peters to-day. He let me wave the flag at folks while he took a nap behind the stove in his little shanty. While I was there I met another fellow that oils engines or something. He told me I could get a job down there, he guessed, because they are short of hands. I am going down where he works to-morrow and see about it, if I can figure out some way to get rid of my daughter and her family while I go, and I guess I can.

Nov. eight.—We had company for supper, only they call it dinner. They was nice folks. A man and a woman and a young boy about twenty-five. They looked so stylish that at first I did not want to go in and eat with them, but my son-in-law and my



After a while them pesky lumps of coal got bigger and bigger. .... My back got to hurting me some

daughter said yes, I was one of the family and I must eat with them. So after while I put on my red necktie that I got at the county fair last fall and my best white shirt.

They was awful nice folks, too. After while I told them the story of Hank Lowen that lives back of us on the old Gibbs farm. Hank is terrible cross eyed. He is a good man but his eyes look just like they was going to crawl over his nose and change places. One day Hank was going to butcher and he told his new hired hand to come along and hole the steer. When they was already Hank lifted up the ax that he was going to kill the steer with. His hired hand yelled to him to hold on. Say, he says, says he, Be you going to hit where you are looking? Of course I am going to hit where I am looking, Hank says. Well, then, says the hired man, you can just hold your own critter. All of them laughed real hearty, and I pretty near could not stop laughing.

I told them what I thought about all this modern nonsense about comfort. My grandchildren goes to school in an otto and has steam heat all day and eye and nose tests.



I told Peters about it, and for once Peters had some sense. He says that when I get ready to go, he will go with me. He says he is not too old either to help in a hospital or drive a wagon or something

down trees and plowed, and then sometimes the women pitched in and helped. Mam spun the yarn and made every stitch of clothes that all of us wore and fixed from the grain or the carcass every bite that all of us ate. Seems like women ain't so important now days, but they was then. They run things then.

I was going to read a chapter in my Bible every night but I ain't going to to-night because I guess I can sleep if I go to bed now. I will read two chapters to-morrow night.

Nov. 9.—I went down to the round house to-day to see about that job. The man was afraid I could not stand the work. I told him my name was John Williams without my last name so as my daughter and her family would not hear about it. I told the man to try me and see if I could not work as good as any man. He said he guessed he would have to because the work had to be done and he could not get help enough.

I am going to work in the morning. I have told my daughter that I am going to help Peters tend his crossing. She laughed and said alright if it would amuse me. I will get me a lunch from the woman that works in the kitchen, and then I will have a high old time all day long. Just shoveling little pieces of coal. Peters says I am a fool. Peters is a fool himself.

Nov. 15.—I ain't wrote in my diary for some days on account of shoveling coal. I have been in my bed and my daughter and her family have been real worried about me. They do not know nothing about where I was that day. But I am going to put it down just as it happened, like I said I was going to do.

At first it was easy to do. But after a while them pesky lumps of coal got bigger and bigger. Seems like the man that hires the help fixes them that way so the hands won't get discouraged and quit before they begin. I can understand why he can't keep no help. He is not honest with them. He does not tell them that the coal is in great big hunks that gets bigger and heavier the farther down you go.

My back got to hurting me some, tho I ain't sure why. I had rheumatism every winter for quite a spell but it ain't time for that yet. But long before dinner time that rheumatism struck me right in the small of the back and that is when I begun to see that the lumps was getting bigger and heavier. Before dinner time I was forced to rest several times because that rheumatism got worse and worse. Along towards noon the whistles blew and I rested me. My rheumatism made me kind of faint and fagged and I did not care to eat my lunch that I had brought. I laid down on one of the bunks they have got in the round house. Just as I had got my eyes closed the whistles blew again. They have got a bad system in this town. They do not give working people time enough to eat their dinner unless they swallows it whole.

In the afternoon I was very warm, warmer than I was in the morning. It must be the heat of the engines or something, for tho we worked out of doors it made me sweat and sweat. And sweating is very weakening to a body and my rheumatism struck me again, and I kept right on shoveling until they brought me home. I made them set me down a block from the house.

I have just rested since then. But I have caught up on my reading. I have read two chapters a day.

I was reading the newspapers about the war, too. It is a terrible thing. I would like to go over and help lick them Germans. But I don't suppose my children would let me. They treat me just like I was a little boy. There are lots of things I could do, I should think. I could be a nurse or help in a hospital somehow.

My son's two boys are in the army and my daughter's son has got his parents' consent to join the navy when he is nineteen. That is in June some time. But if I know anything about boys he will be in the navy a long time before June. He is a fine lad and I guess his grandfather will be the last to tell him to hide at home just because he is young enough to do it.

Seems like all that goes on in this house is war. Nobody can talk of anything else and everybody is doing something. I got an idea in my head, too.

I told Peters about it and for once Peters had some sense. He says that when I get ready to go he will go with me. He says he is not too



I told her I am not as old as my children think I am, and that I have got some money and property

(Continued on page 20)



# DON'S FIRST LOVE

Romance Invades the Onion Patch

By Floy Tolbert Barnard

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM VAN DRESSER



Don hoeing diligently in his mother's onion patch



Dancing in and out through the hole in the hedge was Elaine

**I** WAS hoeing in my war garden—Don, earlier in the day, having pointed out to me, with a scornful and sadly unmanicured forefinger, the enemy alien weeds which flourished therein—when that youth himself appeared around the corner of the house, saw me, and grinned broadly.

"Gee whiz, Dad, why don't you put some pep into your hoeing?" he inquired. "You bet, when I hoe I don't fool along that way! Fr Pete's sake! The war will be over before you get to the end of the row!"

"Suppose you give us an exhibition," I suggested skeptically, fishing for a handkerchief to mop my face. But the ruse failed, Don being Don.

"Nothin' perkin'!" He grinned wisely. "We was every fellow to hoe our own war garden! Mine's done. I do her every morning."

However vague my son's application of the rules of the grammar he so reluctantly studies, there is seldom any vagueness as to his meaning. Grinning back at him, I resumed my leisurely toil, and asked,

"Where is everybody?"

"Mother's down at the Red Cross. Jo's gone for a walk with Polly. Maurice is drilling with the scouts. I got kept in after school and didn't get to go, darn it! So I got six doughnuts and a piece of pie!"

"Donald!" I dutifully abandoned my plain human enjoyment of Don's personality to take up my paternal censorship of it. But at that instant romance entered our war gardens.

There came first a succession of terrified shrieks from beyond the hedge separating our yard from the next one. Then a small figure, which we later learned was the nine-year-old daughter of our new neighbors, shot through a hole in the hedge. She tore ruthlessly across Don's model garden, my far-from-model one, and, ignoring me completely, pitched herself into Don's unwilling arms, knocking an astounded "Fer the love of Mike!" out of him.

Loping lazily after the long-legged, brief-skirted young lady was Hannibal, Don's Russian wolf-hound.

For a boy who had hitherto scorned the female of his species, except only his mother and Josephine Logan, and one Letty Gray, because she did not look at him through her curls and was "good and stiff to take holt of if a fellow had to dance with her," Don acted with creditable chivalry. Grasping the fact that the young lady wrapping herself so tightly about him, not only with her arms but with her legs, was afraid of his dog, he promptly grabbed her in both his erstwhile dangling arms. He jerked his sturdy legs free from her slim silken ones, and whirled himself about to receive the impact of the pursuing Hannibal.

"Down, Han!" he shouted peremptorily. "Git out of here! Call him, Dad!"

**I**T all happened so quickly, I really had had no time to intercept the dog's pursuit, but I automatically collared the dog to his aggrieved surprise.

Whereupon my son dropped back to a less knightly impulse, and made man's ancient mistake of trying to reason with the damsel in his arms.

"For Pete's sake! Stop your howling! Hannibal just wanted to play with you! He wouldn't bite you! Gee whiz! D'you want to choke me! Le' go my neck! Say! My father's got a holt of Hannibal! Let go!"

Her shrieks subsided to gulping sobs, but she continued to cling tenaciously to Don's neck. He reached back with both hands, trying to loosen her clutching fingers, but without jerking he could not manage it, and, distressed as he was, he did not resort to force—just then.

Having convinced Hannibal we were not playing a game, I left him "charging" disconsolately, and hastened to deliver my son from his scarlet embarrassment, and the little girl from her white fear. But the instant I touched her shoulder, she started screaming again. I could not get her attention. She simply did not hear my reassurances. Then Don asserted himself in true caveman fashion. He wrenched himself free, seized her by the shoulders and shook her violently! Her curls flew, but after a second her tear-swollen eyes looked straight into Don's blazing ones, and, to my amazement, he held her gaze—and instantly stopped shaking her.

"Now, you see here!" he began, apparently oblivious of me; "you stop that noise! Right now! It's all right you hikin' to me, yellin' bloody murder when you didn't know Hannibal just wanted to play with you. I ain't blamin' you for that. But you got to stop it, now."

She had her mouth open for a fresh vocal effort, but it died on her lips, even as peace, plus admiration, was born in her eyes. Don had given her one reminding jerk, which

made her little white teeth click, and she stood limp between his firm hands, a small, uncertain smile dawning in her wet, blue eyes.

"Wh-what—is y-your na-ame?" she managed to inquire. "Don Russell," briefly. "Now you be still, an' I'll call Hannibal over, an' you can pat him. Then you'll have some sense the next time you see him."

She plunged into Don's neck again before he could stop her, whimpering, "Oh, Don! Please!" but my son's lips merely took on an apostolic grimace of resolution. Restoring her to arm's length, he called the dog.

"If you're goin' to live next to us, you might just as well get used to Han. C'm here, Han! She wants to pat you." This was getting Hannibal under false pretenses. She wanted so little to pat him as almost to effect an escape by backing right through Don, but she timidly put out an amazingly small hand, withdrew it, ventured the gesture again, and actually touched the dog. Whereupon she looked back over her shoulder—and up through her curls—at Don, and smiled at him. It was a very attractive smile, indeed, but Don was intent on other things.

**N**OW! You see how silly you was! Go on! Pat him! I told you he wouldn't bite you! Anyhow," the eternal masculine asserting itself, "I'm right here. I wouldn't let him hurt you."

Evidently she believed him, notwithstanding that had Hannibal so desired, he could have eaten them both, for she ventured out of actual contact with his vaunted protection, and in two minutes was having a tentative romp with the great wolf-hound.

I returned to my hoeing, not so much from enthusiasm for that occupation, as from a desire to see the outcome of the affair. When the little girl had removed herself from Don's arms to a distance which gave him opportunity really to look at her, she suddenly became good in his sight. Standing stock still, his hands deep in his pockets, his feet widely set, his cap askew, Don looked and looked—and fell in love! The ruddy color came and went softly in his brown cheeks, a smile grew in his eyes and hovered about his lips, a smile more winsome than any dimpled one I have ever seen. I smiled—though with a quick stricture of the throat—for this, my son, until now so gloriously fancy-free, had visibly, before my eyes, become enthralled. Full of a tender amusement, I hoed sedately along until, presently, the little girl went flashing back toward the hole in the hedge. In the middle of Don's patriotic patch of incipient beans, she paused, poised as light as a fairy, and looked back at Don, who had not joined in her romp with the dog. She called out to him—

"My name's Elaine. Good-by, Don!"

After a second he responded coolly enough, "Good-by," but he did not call her name, by which I gathered that he was aware of some bondage in this curious liting attraction, and was making a small stand against it. When she had disappeared through the green wall, he looked sharply at me. Returning his look guilelessly, I asked a matter-of-fact question,

"Do you know what time your mother is coming home?"

"She ought to be here, now," he told me, equally matter-of-fact of voice and manner, looking at his birthday watch on a not-too-clean wrist. "It's five, and she is going to make you go to a meeting somewhere at half past seven to give a talk on boys' war-work. I heard her promise some one over the 'phone." Winking impishly at me, as one "seeing my finish," he departed whistling shrilly. As he went, he reached back to run his hand along the collar of his coat, and his head was bent for a survey of the front of that same coat. But I suppose, like the rest of us, he found a glory that is past leaves behind it no tangible thing to account for the abiding glow in the heart, or the puzzled wonder in the head.

In one thing his self-control was greater than mine. He passed out of sight around the corner of the house without a backward glance, while I could not refrain from an inquisitive survey of the hedge. I was rewarded by a gleam of sunny hair, and a flash of forget-me-not eyes peering after Don. Then I heard a giggle, and saw a slim figure dancing away toward the house beyond.

That night, when we returned from the meeting Frances had let me in for, I told her and Josephine Logan about the scene in the war gardens. Josephine laughed musingly.

"I believe I am jealous," she said. "I'm just crazy about Don myself."

**I**LL bet you," Josephine continued boyishly, "that from now on you and I get out of our gardening, Mrs. Russell. There is not enough work in Don's to keep him busy, and our patches are nearest the hole in the hedge."

"I'm sure I hope so," sighed Frances, who abominated chopping worms in two and the other accidents incident to being a war-gardener. "And I do hope Maurice doesn't go and have a crush on this new little girl. If he does, I don't know what will happen! They fight so awful, as it is!" Meaning, of course, Maurice and Donald.

"If he does, may heaven help him," I mused. "Don will kill him. Because if he didn't mind shaking the sandals off the young lady herself, he would not be apt to stop at a little thing like murder."

The following afternoon when I came home, Frances met me eagerly in the hall with some interesting news.

"Don just went by on his roller skates," she announced.

"What of it?" I inquired densely, my mind being still on my current history class.

"He was skating with two girls!" My wife's voice was full of real surprise. "Right between them! Letty Gray and that little girl next door!"

"I thought he skated a lot with Letty," stupidity still claiming me for its own.

"Yes! But he was carrying the other girl's books and Letty was carrying her own. And besides that, he had a hold of one of her hands, and was helping her skate! No! Not Letty! The other girl!"

I came out of my trance, and grinned. "Without looking black as thunder?"

"Black as thunder! He looked positively radiant. It was Letty who looked black as thunder."

Josephine looked up from the tower of blocks she was building for Polly's delight, and laughed.

"I don't blame Letty," she said. "She has been a self-supporting play pal for Don for nearly two years; lugging her own books, putting on and taking off her own skates, dancing with him but not leaning on him, and helping him get his grammar, and everything! And then to be displaced!"

"Boys are selfish little brutes," I admitted, only to be interrupted by the scholarship girl on the rug who was a wizard in chemistry and beloved of all the House of Russell.

"Oh, no, they aren't. They are just funny little brutes! Take Don! He helps Letty with her 'rithmetic in return for all her favors, and this is the way he does it: 'For Pete's sake, Letty! That ain't the way. Can't you see nuthin'? Here! Let me show you! Now, listen! I just—' and then he goes ahead and shows her. Then Letty gets his grammar for him, and this is the way she does it: 'You know, Don. The way you got that other sentence. Yes! That way. Now, see! You just—' and then she shows him. In each case he feels that he is the one who is doing it. And then he turns right around and carries books for a girl who can get neither grammar nor 'rithmetic under her own power. Having been a Letty all my life, I understand her black disillusionment, and would offer her my sympathy, but that I believe in my own safety first! Letty would probably fly at me if I did!" Josephine chuckled, adding, "Also, I am jealous on my own account. Don called me out of chemistry class to-day to break an engagement with me for after school!"

"Called you out of chemistry class?" I echoed, properly horrified.

**W**HY, of course," giggled Josephine. "And don't you dare say anything to him about it! He often does it. 'May I please speak to Miss Josephine Logan?' he asks politely in his deepest bass voice. They call me to the telephone. 'H'lo, Jo! I got your skates. Meet me at the ice Hip, after chem,' he booms. 'I'll be there!' quoth I, and the 'date' is made."

"For the love of Mike!" I ejaculated, being, as is many another helpless father, corrupted in my speech through association with my posterity. After which I sought light on an interesting idea. "So you do not approve of Elaine?"

"Indeed, I approve of her," confided the girl with the scientific quirk to her mind, steadying Polly's leaning tower. "I just intimated that she was not burdened with brains. I would far, far rather hear Sydney Van Loon say 'You're a peach of a dancer, Miss Josephine,' than hear Mr. Cuthbert say 'Splendid, Miss Logan! I had an idea you would get yourself translated in that experiment, but you have accomplished it with only two burns and one cut! Splendid! But I never shall! Syd Van Loonitic will always come along and say 'C'm on, Jo! Let's dance half of this, and then I wish to gosh you would explain how you managed that experiment without getting your head blown off! You'd just as leave tell me as dance, wouldn't you?'"

She looked up at me, her eyes twinkling, and continued quizzically,

"For eyes and hair like Elaine's, for her airy slimness and her power to subjugate boys instead of just being pals with them, I'd cheerfully hand over my whole outfit of brains."

Sauntering to the window overlooking the garden, I glanced out. There was Don, hoeing diligently in his mother's onion patch, while dancing in and out through the hole in the hedge, was Elaine. At my chuckle, Frances and Josephine joined me, to spy on them through the curtains. Presently Frances said in a voice full of satisfaction,

"I think Elaine is more interested in Don than he is in her. He hasn't looked up from his hoeing."

"Don't fool yourself, honey," I grinned. "I grant you she is—er—stringing him along like any grown-up, but Don is interested! He has changed his center of gravity since I began watching them, preparatory to nabbing her without upsetting himself. The little lady had better look out! You'll see."

In and out through the gap in the hedge, over the newly hoed rows of onions, around and around Don, light as thistle down, flashed the saucy miss, talking and laughing all the time. And all the time Don plied his hoe, replying briefly when



at all, letting her venture nearer and nearer in her airy pursuit which had every appearance of flight, until suddenly—  
I have to admit it! I was proud of Don. He will be able to look out for himself in his encounters with the pestering sex! For, as this particular member of it danced before him, daring the advancing hoe with tantalizing feet, Don dropped that ancient implement, and had her in his arms before she could retreat.

"Oh!" gasped Frances, and "Oh!" echoed Josephine, while I shamelessly ejaculated "Kiss her, boy! She played you for it!"

Fortunately for my son, he did not hear me, and went on with his wooing in his own way.

**Y**OU will, will you? I got a notion to kiss you! I have, too! I could if I wanted to! I could, too! Easy! Huh! I guess you wouldn't stay mad! You goin' to do that again, missy, when I'm hoeing my mother's war garden?"

At that point Elaine's reply became audible.  
"Don Russell, I never did one thing! Can't I play 'round here and watch you hoe without you acting smart?"

"Aw, naw! You never did nuthin'! Well, all right! You can go this time. But—the—next—time—" and he not only let her go, but picked up the hoe, and went busily to work.

Frances laughed cautiously. "Did you ever? Look at the complacency of your son!"

"He has a right to look pleased," I laughed, as Elaine retired to the hole in the hedge. She paused to look at Don considerably, as though perhaps she were revising her opinion of his powers, both of resistance and aggression. "He has acted magnanimously and left the lady guessing at one and the same time! I wish I had known Don years and years ago! I might have been more successful with the ladies, myself."

"Don't be more idiotic than you can help," said the wife who should be in awe of me and is not; "but sometimes the little imp does make me take kindly to the reincarnation idea, he says and does so many things hard to account for in the experiences of ten years."

That night at dinner Don looked across at Frances to say, in a manner far removed from any indication of an ulterior motive.

"I hoed your onions some, after school, Mother. You been so busy with that bunch of Red Cross girls, your war garden looked fierce! An' I had a little time."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Don." My wife's guile quite matched my son's!

**M**AURICE put down his fork, and took a slow survey of all of us. "We were each to hoe our own—" he began argumentatively, but Don, hastily disposing of rather more than a bite of something, interrupted him.

"Is there any law against helping your mother, if you happen to have time?"

"No-o, but I guess—" Once more Maurice was interrupted. Not, indeed, by Don, or any other visible presence. But by a high, sweet, girlish voice, coming faintly from the direction of the war gardens—and the hole in the hedge.

"Do-on! Oh, Don! Don Rus-sell!"

Don's cheeks flamed scarlet, and Maurice leaned back limply in his chair, as one entirely overcome, communing aloud with himself.

"Yoy, yoy! Don's got a girl!"

Don spoke not a word, but he gave Maurice a look, which Maurice correctly interpreted as a threat, and forebore to make further comment—aloud, that is. Certain silent smiling, however, made his opinions known to us. Don chose to ignore it, for the time. And then, the faint halloo reaching us again, there came to me one of the proud moments of my life. For Don, who sat on my right hand, glanced up at me from under his long, brown lashes, and winked, taking me into a quizzical, silent confidence about his first love affair! My thirty-eight-year-old heart gave a great leap. I smiled chummily back at him and started a discussion with Josephine to divert attention from the in-

sistent elfin voice in the garden. Don calmly finished his dinner, to the last crumb of short-cake, before he marched himself boldly to the door, to answer the summons. At ten, one's love affairs affect one's appetite but little! Maurice was late for a meeting, so sped away on his wheel. As soon as he had left the room, I dashed for the window in a way that I would teach Don was not exactly what one should expect of a gentleman. Indeed, I was turning to make a somewhat sheepish apology to Frances, only to find her at my elbow, and beckoning to Josephine! We all giggled.

Elaine was waiting in the soft spring dusk, and Don marched straight up to her, standing before her with wide-set feet, his hands jammed deep in his pockets.

"What do you want?" was his masculinely direct inquiry.

"Oh, nothing," was her femininely indirect reply.

"Fr the love of Mike! I like to never got my dinner eat, listenin' to you."

Frances groaned, "Maurice never talked as Don does. 'Dinner eat!'"

Josephine laughed. "His 'langwidge' papers are almost all that could be desired, though, Mrs. Russell. Thanks to Letty Gray. Listen! Someone is calling Elaine."

To the hail from the neighboring house, Elaine called back promptly.

"Yes'm! I'm coming!" and remained standing perfectly still, to ask in a lower voice, "Do you like Letty Gray, Don?"

**D**ON gathered in one of his outlying feet to kick a clod, thereby securing time to consider between loyalty and flattery-by-indirection. Loyalty won.

"Sure I do. Letty's a dandy girl. What did you ask that for?"

"Oh, nothing! Yes'm! I'm coming!" The summons was becoming crisp, but Elaine evidently knew all its qualities, and was not yet disturbed. She edged nearer to Don in a distinctly challenging way. "Do you think Letty Gray is pretty, Don?"

His elbows twitched but he did not remove his hands from his pockets, as he replied laconically,

"Kinda."

"You do! Why, Don Russell!" taking a step nearer.

"Well, ain't she?" planting his feet firmly in the correct position for a two-step, which is also a very good poise for pouncing, though Elaine probably was not thinking of feet in connection with hands. At any rate she danced a step away and two steps back, lifted her voice in reiteration of the fact that she was coming, pirouetted before him on pointed toes and made a charming—if tantalizing—curtsy right under his nose. And found herself caught and kissed—squarely under her own—and released. After which my son bowed from the waist, as he had so unwillingly learned to do at dancing-school, and laughed aloud.

"You will, will you? I told you I would, if you did, and I did! Good night!"

For she whisked suddenly through the hedge, urged thereto not so much from anything in connection with her encounter with Don, as from a deft and peremptory hand reaching through after her. Don, I regret to say, doubled up and laughed, and then betook himself to the basement, whence came, presently, sounds as of one splitting kindling in a synopacted and ecstatic use of a hatchet.

"So far," remarked Josephine as though it were of considerable significance, "he has not called her by her name."

**F**OR two whole months this romance continued to be a perfect thing, rejoicing Don's heart and developing in him a flashing new discernment of the estimates of things, with some surprising reserve valuations of his own. For two whole months, new little graces and new little dignities blossomed out in him so easily and naturally that not an element of his boyishness was displaced. For two whole months our war gardens were more suggestive of the original garden, created for man's enjoyment, than of a vegetable patch which was a grim necessity. Don's voice came to be heard in many a pronouncement of the little name, Elaine, and the garden echoed to about six times as many concessions of "Well, all right! You can go this time! But the next time—" as it did to the triumphant, "You will, will you? I told you I would, if you did, and I did!" For two months the chairs in the living-room almost grouped themselves about the window overlooking paradise, and then the serpent happened along and spoiled things, true to tradition. I take that back. It hardly seems fair to call Maurice a serpent, when he was more tempted than tempting, and when he is suffering over the estrangement between himself and Don in the wistful yearning known only, perhaps, to elder brothers, who cannot explain, but have to just wait until the younger brother grows in years and a natural understanding.

It came about in this wise: Frances and Josephine were sitting out in the pergola one warm evening, when I came home from a lecture. I joined them there. They greeted me, and then drifted back into their interrupted reveries, while I sat smoking, glad not to have to talk. Suddenly, through the stillness floated the familiar, "Oh, Do-on! Don!"

**W**E all smiled, without saying anything, in the semi-darkness, but after the second call there fell a short interval, during which I recalled to myself a small episode just before dinner. Don and Elaine were, as usual, in possession of the garden, but I braved the anathemas reserved for the gooseberry, and went courageously forth to retrieve my patch of potatoes while there was yet time. Of course, Elaine almost immediately danced off through the hole in the hedge, stopping, as was her custom, on the verge of disappearance, to call,

"Good-by, Don."

When he had responded, and the last seductive swing of her pleated skirts vanished, Don looked around at me, eyebrows aslant, and quoted from a merry song sung by a sad Scotch humorist, too fine and sane to do any other than "carry on" no matter what his personal sorrow,

"Oh, it's the widdle, widdle, widdle, waggie of the kilt, hah, Dad?"

"She is a mighty pretty little girl," I told him heartily, "and she surely does wear her clothes with distinction!"

As I sat smiling to myself, she began calling again, and Maurice appeared at the end of the porch.

"Don isn't home, Elaine," he explained politely. "He hasn't come back from a scout meeting."

"Oh, Maurice! Is that you?" she asked intriguingly.

"Yeah!"

"Come on out here, Maurice!"

Maurice dropped agilely over the porch rail, and complied, observing, as he approached the white-clad little figure, "Gee! You and Don are the limit!"

**S**HE pirouetted about on her toes, bringing herself nearer to Maurice.

"Oh, I don't know! Done is awful nice, but he isn't as big as you, is he?"

Maurice squared his shoulders, but he said fairly, "He is nearly as big. And he is two years younger than me, too!" and he added, "He is pretty husky!"

"Oh, yes," disdainfully admitted the fairy who was nine, going on ten, "Husky! But he is just a kid! You're nearly thirteen." She ventured closer to him. "And you are taller. I come clear to the top of Don's ear. Let's measure."

Still silent, Maurice turned, presenting his back to measure as he and Don always do. The two figures had ceased to have distinctness of outline in the deepening darkness, but we could see them plainly enough to make out all their movements. Elaine darted at him, exclaiming,

"Oh, not that way!" and proceeded to measure her wraithlike self against the front of his coat. Even we could see, by peering, that her small head tilted just under his chin, and, presumably, she smiled up at him. And Maurice, being almost thirteen, and human, and the garden being pleasantly full of shadows, bent his head and did just as you would have done! The next instant he stepped back from her stiffly, his voice, when he spoke, curiously ashamed,

"Aw, gee, Elaine! I didn't mean to do that. You had better skip home; it's after dark. Do you want me to take you around to the porch?"

"Why—didn't you—mean to?" was her disconcerting reply to my oldest son's budding chivalry.

**A**W, gee, Elaine! But when she repeated her question he attempted to put his vague reasons into words: "Well, you know, why, you are Don's girl, and, you see I'm his brother, and— If Don knew it he would prob'ly shake the shoes off of you, and have a fight with me."

"Are you afraid of Don?" Her voice curled with scorn.

"No, I'm not! But—I like to play fair. Don's awful fair. He wouldn't think it was very fair of you, either. I just hate to have him know. I don't care about the fight."

And at that instant Don, himself, dropped right at their feet, from the apple tree over their heads, and stood in his scout uniform, a tense soldier-like figure, looking at them.

Elaine simply took to her heels, after a squeak and a giggle. Maurice managed a careless greeting in a careful voice.

"Hello, rookie! You been up there all the time?"

"Yes, I have!"

"What you going to do about it?"

"Nothin'! But I hate girls! And I hate you! I—I wouldn't fight with you, if you was the last boy on earth!" His voice choking with wrath and disillusionment, Don turned on his heel and stalked to the house. Presently, from the basement, there came the sound of kindling being split, and then the wood-lift being filled, though filling the wood-lift was Maurice's job. But Don's need of activity was great, and wood can be hurled so beautifully. Maurice stood perfectly still until silence reigned and a light gleamed in an upstairs window. Then he proved to me that he had achievements hitherto unsuspected. "Oh, damn!" said he, and walked slowly toward the house.

We three sat as though petrified, as we had through the whole scene. Somehow, we could not see the funny side of it, though knowing a time would come when we would, just as in time Maurice and Don will, wake the echoes laughing over it. It was fully three minutes before Josephine said slowly,

"What a pity that little minx isn't thirty instead of nine. I shouldn't be one bit surprised if she were a reincarnation of Cleopatra or some super-woman." A little chuckle crept into her voice. "It is back to war-gardening for us! And back to Letty for Don!"

But her prophecy proved only half inspired. For, though Don skates and walks and talks with Letty, and buys her ice-cream cones, and takes her to the little "Home" movie two squares away, he has not been routed from his garden. He looks after it even more painstakingly, perversely unconcerned about the little lady who hovers about the hole in the hedge.



"For Pete's sake! Le' go my neck! My father's got a holt of Hannibal!"



# AMBASSADORS TO FRANCE

A Story of the Little Traveling Dispensaries that Took Root and Grew

BY MRS. NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

Honorary Vice-Chairman American Fund for French Wounded



IF for three years there had been no doctor in your community, if during those years food had been growing poorer and scarcer, if what farm work could be done was carried on by old men, tired-out women and under-nourished children—and if, at the end of the three years, a khaki-clad woman, in a trim little American motor, drove up and told you she had come to start a dispensary for you and the children—would you not feel like kissing the very mud-guards of that unromantic-looking little car?

That is what some French women did when the A. F. F. W. motor and the A. F. F. W. doctor came to a long-neglected village near the firing-lines.

The doctors and workers of the American Fund for French Wounded started at the outbreak of the war to aid soldiers taken to the smaller hospitals. In traveling all over France, distributing supplies to the 2,000 hospitals which came under their care, they saw the health conditions of the people growing steadily worse. Something had to be done, so it was decided to open first traveling, then static dispensaries in villages.

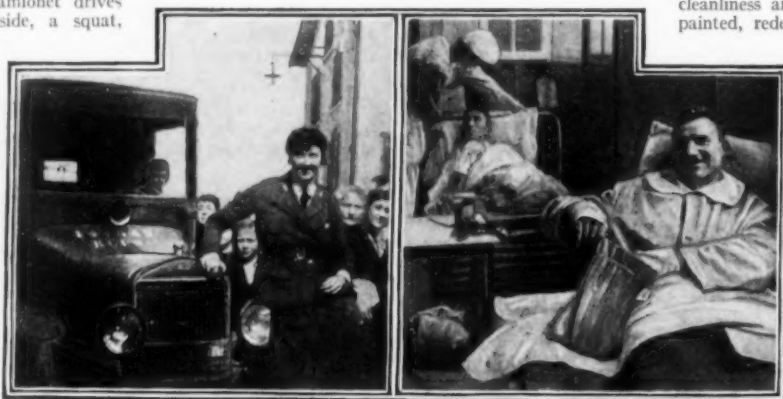
Clinics were opened in chains of towns, with a visiting doctor making the rounds. Near Nancy, in the Meurthe-et-Moselle department, one enterprising little American doctor took care of six villages. Two rooms in a factory were turned over to the unit in one village, and now in the gray of early morning the A. F. F. W. camionet drives up, and the doctor and nurse alight. Inside, a squat, round stove is burning merrily. Three wooden benches are filled with prospective patients. Their eyes follow the little doctor adoringly as she goes into the inner room. There she sets a great container of water to boil over a small gas stove, and summons the first patient—a crying baby wrapped in layer after layer of swaddling clothes. The bad third-degree burn is tenderly dressed, ointment and clean bandages put on, and the worried mother reassured as to the progress of the cure.

Next come the eye cases. Small boys in black aprons, and girls in knitted shawls, line up in military fashion. The doctor turns each face to the light and administers treatment.

After babies are washed, sores cleaned, hair clipped, and teeth examined, a short lecture to the attentive mothers and

grandmothers impresses upon them the necessity of following a few simple rules of hygiene. They nod attentively. Windows must be opened? No coffee for babies? Baths daily? These are strange rules, but their confidence does not waver—they will obey.

Nancy is a manufacturing town, where in peace times 50,000 people lived. Now perhaps 10,000 munition and factory workers make up the population. The mothers work night and day to keep the fighting-line supplied with shells; the mortality among the inevitably neglected children is appalling. Since the beginning of the war there has been practically no medical attention; the women and children have endured the nervous agony of bombardment; they have suffered from cold and lack of food; the children have sore heads, sore eyes, sore throats, infection, filth, vermin. The dispensaries mitigate these horrors. The mothers can see their children getting well before their eyes. Bad cases are sorted out and sent to the nearby Red Cross hospital. These women and children do not want charity; they are proud to be working while their men fight. But in order to work and stand back of their men, they must be well.



It was at Nancy that a French woman was brought to the dispensary, almost insensible. A bomb had fallen in the night. It crashed through the house and struck her as she slept with her baby in her arm. It killed the child and cut off her arm. Now she is back at work in the factory, crippled

but indomitable. Above everything, the work must go on.

Beautiful old chateaux, which before the war were sacred from invasion, have been taken over by the A. F. F. W., and their historic mustiness has rapidly evaporated before cleanliness and sanitation. Scrubbed from garret to cellar, painted, redecorated, their high-ceilinged, airy rooms completely renovated, they have been further modernized by receiving, within their fourteenth century walls, white enameled beds, heating and plumbing systems, and, even more marvelous, toys and games such as were never before seen in those simple French provinces.

What wonder places these must be to the children! Some of them cannot remember their own names; many have been taken from underground caves and are afraid of the light; some are half-crazed or shell-shocked into dull stupidity.

Before these great chateaux, holding from one to five hundred children, were equipped and opened, the refugee children of France were dying at the rate of forty-nine per cent. Now many have a chance to live, and, even better, to learn,

[Continued on page 19]

## If You Dare Not Fail, You Must Succeed

THE INSPIRING EXPERIENCE OF A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN WHO PROVED IT

By Helen Christine Bennett

THE story I am about to tell is one of those wonder tales that keep alive the belief that nothing is impossible. Given a woman, just past middle age, not strong, without business training, almost penniless, and adrift in New York City—the scene is set for a final curtain of deep pathos, perhaps even tragedy. This woman refused to see her logical end. Her reasoning, illogical in the extreme, ran—

"I have nothing, therefore I must succeed quickly. I have no resources, therefore I dare not fail. I must never admit the possibility of failure. I shall win." And she kept her word!

It has taken Mrs. Catherine Sefton, proprietor and manager of Marbury Hall, just eighteen years to reach her present prosperity.

She is said to be the only woman who manages a hotel, which she herself owns, in the City of New York.

"I was well into middle age, and desperately in need of money," said Mrs. Sefton. "I had been an artist, but I knew that to establish myself in New York and to make money at painting would mean time, and I had not a moment to waste. While I was pondering my difficulties, an acquaintance showed me over her boarding-house. She suggested that I take an empty house which she had leased, and offered to lend me furniture. I had to pawn almost all my jewelry to pay the first month's rent. The furniture came. After it came the installment men demanding back payments upon it. I could not pay. When the furnishings went, I literally slept on the floor. But I had learned something. This woman had procured her furniture with very little money. Perhaps I could get some with no money. I confronted a dealer in his office.

"How much will you pay down?" he asked promptly.

"Nothing," was my brisk reply.

"But we don't do business that way," he protested, smiling. I knew that, but I knew also that I needed furniture. In the end he agreed to furnish the house without cash payments, and it is to their trust that I owe my start in business. Every stick of furniture I have bought since has come from them. I shall never forget how carefully I made my first selections! My whole future was in it. It came, and with it a further indebtedness of fifty dollars a month. As the last load was carried in, a man stopped me at the front steps.

"Madam, is this a boarding-house?" he asked.

"It's going to be," I answered, and took him in at once. To my surprise he engaged the best in the house for himself



Mrs. Catherine Sefton

and his family, leaving me breathless. My guests would come in the next day and I had nothing with which to feed them, no money to buy anything, and no one to cook the food if I could get it. I went to the nearest grocer and butcher, and having my house full of new furniture, I had no difficulty in arranging a weekly credit. My boarders would pay at the end of the first seven days, and that would give me enough with which to settle. I engaged a cook.

"Keeping boarders was rather breathless work at first, for I was so poor. I had to keep my beds—folding beds they were—closed, because I had no sheets for them. When I

rented a room I bought one pair of sheets, and at the end of the week, I had enough money for another. It was quite thrilling to see how I could keep ahead of the game. My attractive house soon filled.

"Although I knew nothing about business, I soon found that my place in the kitchen was to get more portions out of a roast than my cook could, and still keep my people well fed. Portions are a vital part of this business.

"In six years I was running ten boarding-houses. It seemed to me then, that housing all my people under one roof was a better scheme, and I planned and built Marbury Hall. For twelve years I have owned and managed the hotel, and have also invested capital which has come from my business.

"How did I do it? I do not exactly know. I believe my first asset was the furnishings. Being an artist, the color schemes and decorations were my pet delight. Every woman who runs a boarding-house need not be an artist, but a knowledge of blending colors will be valuable in making a room simple, inexpensive and yet comfortable. Many homes fail in these things, and if a boarding-house can offer them, it must attract. It is good economy to have beds with box springs, comfortable, substantial chairs, restful wall-paper, and fine colored rugs.

"The woman who wants a boarding-house to be a success should keep it spotlessly clean. She will have to manage her servants to this end—but it can be done.

"Next in importance is the kitchen. I have never pretended to cook, but am a good judge of cooking, and I engage good cooks. What they could not do was the buying. To get the best food at the lowest prices, and to plan its service and its portions, was my constant care.

"An artistic house, a spotless house, and a good table—these will keep a hotel full, but ultimate success depends upon the management of funds. First profits are apt to dazzle. The hotel business is always a seasonal one; in the city there is the summer to be tided over; at a resort, there is the winter. Then there are good years and bad ones, which come almost without reason. The possession of a first profit should mean merely a little reserve to save one from discouragement.

"I know of no business that requires so little capital to begin, because returns are quick. Guests pay weekly. For this reason, credit is not hard to get.

"The running of small boarding-houses does not of course bring in big financial returns and keeping one or two board-

[Continued on page 38]



For Synopsis, see page 28

CHAPTER XV

**S**O imperative was the knock at the kitchen door at six o'clock that July morning, that Susan almost fell down the back stairs in her haste to obey the summons.

"Lan' sakes, Mis' McGuire, what a start you did give—why, Mis' McGuire, what is it?" she interrupted herself, aghast, as Mrs. McGuire, white-faced and wild-eyed, swept past her and began to pace up and down the kitchen floor, moaning frenziedly:

"It's come—it's come—I knew 'twould come. Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"What's come?"

"Oh, John, John, my boy, my boy!"

"You don't mean he's—dead?"

"No, no, worse than that, worse than that!" moaned the woman, wringing her hands. "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

With a firm grasp Susan caught the twisting fingers and gently but resolutely forced their owner into a chair.

"Do? You'll just calm yourself right down an' tell me all about it, Mis' McGuire. This rampagin' 'round the kitchen like this don't do no sort of good, an' it's awful on your nerves. An' furthermore an' more-over, no matter what 'tis that ails your John it can't be worse'n death; for while there's life there's hope, you know."

"But it is, it is, I tell you," sobbed Mrs. McGuire, still swaying her body back and forth. "Susan, my boy is—blind." With the utterance of the dread word Mrs. McGuire stiffened suddenly into rigid horror, her eyes staring straight into Susan's.

**M**IS' MCGUIRE!" breathed Susan in dismay; then hopefully: "But maybe 'twas a mistake."

The woman shook her head. She went back to her swaying from side to side.

"No, 'twas a despatch. It came just now. Mr. McGuire is gone, and there isn't anybody there but the children, and they're asleep. That's why I came over. I had to. I had to talk to some one!"

"Of course you did! And you shall, you poor lamb. You shall tell me all about it. What was it? What happened?"

"I don't know. I just know he's blind, and that he's coming home. He's on his way now. My John—blind! Oh, Susan, what shall I do, what shall I do?"

"Then he probably ain't sick, or hurt anywhere else, if he's on his way home—leastways, he ain't hurt bad. You can be glad for that, Mis' McGuire."

"I don't know. It didn't say. It just said blinded," chattered Mrs. McGuire. "They get them home just as soon as they can, when they're blinded."

"But your John ain't the only one, Mis' McGuire. There's other Johns, too. Look at our Keith here."

"I know, I know."

"An' I wonder how he'll take this—about your John."

"He'll know what it means," choked Mrs. McGuire.

"He sure will—an' he'll feel 'bad. I know that. He ain't hisself, anyway, these days."

"He ain't?" Mrs. McGuire asked the question abstractedly, her mind plainly on her own trouble; but Susan, intent on her need even the question to spur her tongue.

"No, he ain't. Oh, he's brave an' cheerful. He's awful cheerful, even cheerfuller than he was a month ago. He's too cheerful, Mis' McGuire. There's somethin' back of it I don't like. He—"

But Mrs. McGuire was not listening. Wringing her hands she had sprung to her feet and was pacing the floor again, moaning: "Oh, what shall I do, what shall I do?" A minute later, she hurried out of the kitchen and crossed the yard to her own door.

Watching her from the window, Susan drew a long sigh. "I wonder how he will take— But, lan' sakes, this ain't gettin' my breakfast," she ejaculated, with a hurried glance at the clock on the little shelf over the stove.

There was nothing, apparently, to distinguish breakfast that morning from a dozen other breakfasts that had gone before. Keith and his father talked cheerfully of various matters, and Susan waited upon them with her usual briskness.

**S**USAN determined not to tell her news until after Mr. Burton left the house. She planned, also, to tell him casually, as it were, in the midst of other conversation—not as if it were the one thing on her mind. In accordance with this, therefore, she forced herself to finish her dishes, and to set her kitchen in order before she sought Keith in the living-room.

But Keith was not in the living-room; neither was he on the porch, or anywhere in the yard.

With a troubled frown on her face Susan climbed the stairs to the second floor. Keith's room was silent, and empty. So, too, was every other room on that floor.

At the attic stairs Susan hesitated. Resolutely then she lifted her chin, ran up the stairs, and opened the door.

Over at the desk by the window there was a swift movement—but not so swift that Susan did not see the revolver pushed under some loose papers.

"Is that you, Susan?" asked Keith sharply.

"Yes, honey. I just came up to get somethin'."

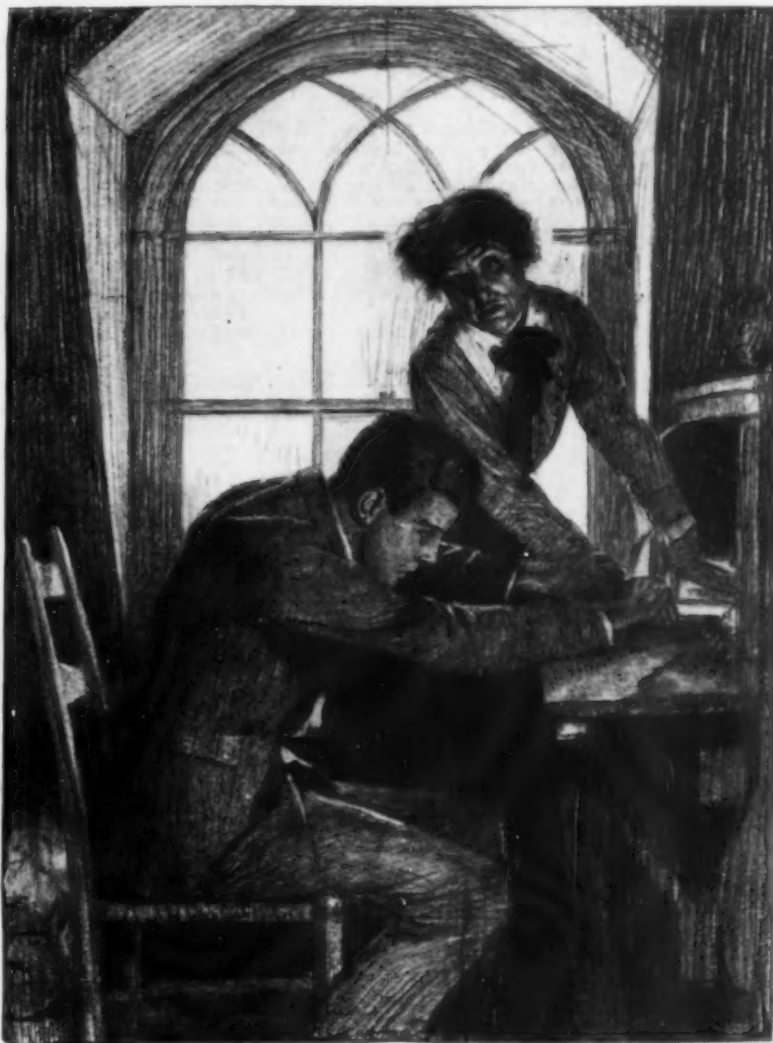
Susan's face was white as paper, and her hands cold and shaking, but her voice was cheerfully steady. With a running fire of inconsequent comment, she gradually worked her way toward the desk where Keith still sat.

# THE KEY

Keith Burton finds a flickering Light in his dark World

By Eleanor H. Porter

Illustrated by Lucius W. Hitchcock



She thrust the papers to one side and dropped her hand on the revolver. At the same moment Keith's arms shot out and his hands fell, covering hers

At the desk, with a sudden, swift movement, she thrust the papers to one side and dropped her hand on the revolver. At the same moment Keith's arms shot out and his hands fell, covering hers.

**S**USAN, you'll be good enough, please, to take your hand off that," he said, sharply. There was a moment's tense silence. Susan's agonized eyes were on his face.

"Faith, honey, an' how can I, with your own hands holdin' mine so tight?"

Keith removed his hands instantly. "This is not a joke, Susan, and I shall have to depend on your honor to let that revolver stay where it is."

Susan flushed and drew back at once.

"I'm not takin' the pistol, Keith." Her voice was very gentle. "We take matches an' pizen an' knives away from children—not from grown men. The pistol is right where you can reach it—if you want it."

She saw the fingers of Keith's hand twitch and tighten. After a moment she went on speaking.

"But let me say just this: 'tain't like you to be—a quitter, Keith." She saw him wince, but she did not wait for him to speak. "An' after you've done this thing, there ain't anybody goin' to be so sorry as you'll be. You mark my words."

It was like the cutting of a taut cord. His tense muscles relaxed, and Keith laughed bitterly.

"You forget, Susan. If—if I carried that out I wouldn't be in the world—to care."

"Shucks! You'd be in some world, Keith Burton, an' you know it. An' you'd feel nice lookin' down on the mess you'd made of this world, wouldn't you?"

"Well, if I was looking I'd be seeing, wouldn't I?" cut in the youth grimly. "Don't forget, Susan, that I'd be seeing."

"Seein' ain't the only sense you've got, Keith Burton, an'—"

"Oh, yes, I know," interrupted Keith fiercely. "I can feel a book, and eat my dinner, and I can hear the shouts of the people cheering the boys that go marching by my door. I tell you I can't stand it—I can't, Susan. Yes, I know that's a cheap way out of it," he went on, after a choking pause, "but I'm tired of being tended to like a ten-year-old boy! I want to be over there, doing a man's work. Look at Ted, and Tom, and John McGuire!"

"John McGuire!" It was a faltering cry from Susan, but Keith did not even know.

"What are they doing, and what am I doing? When I sit here and think—"

"But, Keith, we don't want you to do that," interposed Susan. "Now there's Miss Dorothy—if you'd only let her—"

"But I tell you I don't want to be babied and pitied and tended to by young women who are sorry for me. I want to do the helping part of the time. And, there's Dad."

Keith's voice broke.

"How do you suppose I feel to think of Dad peddling out peas and beans and potatoes down to McGuire's grocery store?"

Susan lifted her head defiantly.

"Well, now look a-here, Keith Burton. Peddling peas and beans and potatoes is just as honorary as paintin' pictures, an'—"

"I'm not saying it isn't," cut in the boy incisively. "I'm merely saying that he prefers to paint pictures—and he'd be doing it now if it wasn't for his having to support me, and you know it, Susan."

"Well, what of it? It don't hurt him any."

"It hurts me, Susan, when I think of all the things he hoped—of me. I was going to make up to him all that he had lost. I used to dream of what I was going to be some day—the great pictures I was going to paint—for Dad, and, now, look at me! Useless, worse than useless. Susan, I can't stand it."

"Keith Burton ain't no quitter. You've had a good Christian bringin' up, an' you know as well as I do that your eternal, immoral soul ain't goin' to be snuffed out of existence by no pistol shot, no matter how many times you pull the trigger."

**A**LL right, Susan," he shrugged grimly. "I'll concede your point. But it isn't so pleasant always to be the hook, you know."

"The—hook?" frowned Susan.

Keith smiled.

"Perhaps you've forgotten—but I haven't. I heard you talking to Mrs. McGuire one day. You said that everybody was either a hook or an eye, and that more than half the folks were hooks hanging on to somebody else. And that's why some eyes had more than their share of hooks hanging on to them. You see—I knew then, when you said it, that I was a hook."

"Keith Burton, I never thought of you, when I said that," interrupted Susan.

"But I did. Sometimes I'd give the whole world if, for just once, I could feel that some one was hanging on to me."

He paused, hopelessly. There was a moment's absolute silence. Then into Susan's face came the light of a big idea.

"Keith, Mrs. McGuire—"

She caught her breath.

"John McGuire's coming home. He's—he's blind."

"Yes?"

Keith leaped from his chair. "Oh-h-h!" Long years of past suffering and of future woe filled the short little word to bursting.

"What—happened?"

"They don't know. It was a despatch that came this morning. He was blinded, and is on his way home. That's all."

"That's—enough."

Susan hesitated. On the desk within reach lay the revolver. Cautiously she extended her hand toward it, then drew it back. She glanced at Keith's absorbed face, then made her way quietly down the stairs.

At the bottom of the attic flight she looked back. "He won't touch it now, I'm sure," she breathed. "An' anyhow, we only take knives an' pizen away from children—not grown men!"

CHAPTER XVI

**I**T was the town talk, of course—the coming of John McGuire. Everywhere was horror, sympathy, and interested speculation as to "how he'd take it."

Where explicit information was so lacking, imagination and surmise eagerly supplied the details; and Mrs. McGuire's news of the blinding of John McGuire was not three days old before a full account of the tragedy was flying from tongue to tongue.

To Susan, Dorothy Parkman came one day with this story.

"Well, 'tain't true," disavowed Susan succinctly, when the lurid details had been breathlessly repeated to her.

"You mean—he isn't blind?" demanded the young girl.

"Oh, yes, he's blind, all right, poor boy! But it's the rest, I mean—about his killin' twenty-eight Germans single-handed, an' bein' all shot to pieces hisself, an' benighted for bravery."

"But what did happen?"

"We don't know. We just know he's blind an' comin' home. Mis' McGuire had two letters yesterday from John, but—"

"From John—himself?"

"Yes; but they was both writ long before the apostrophe, an' 'course didn't say nothin' about it. An' now to have—this!"

"Yes, I know. It's terrible. How does—Mr. Keith take it?"

Susan opened wide her eyes.

"Why, you've seen him, Miss Dorothy."

"Yes, but not the real him, Susan. We sit there opposite each other, but he's miles away now, always."

"You mean he ain't civil an' polite?" demanded Susan.

"Oh, he's very civil—too civil, Susan. Every time I go I say I won't go again. Then, when I get to thinking of him sitting there alone all day, I just have to go."



"I know," Susan shook her head mournfully. "An' he ain't the same, Miss Dorothy. You know that. He just sits an' thinks an' thinks an' thinks. And, Miss Dorothy, I've found out now what he's thinkin' of."

"Yes?"

"It's John McGuire an' them other soldiers what's comin' back blind from the war. He says he knows what it means, an' he broods an' broods over it."

"I can—imagine it." The girl said it with a little catch in her voice.

"An'—an' there's somethin' else. I've got to tell somebody. I want to know if you think I done right. An' you're the only one I can tell. You ain't a relation, an' yet you care. You do care, don't you?—about Mr. Keith?"

"Why, of—of course. I care a great deal, Susan." Miss Dorothy spoke very lightly, very impersonally; but there was a sudden flame of color in her face.

"Yes. Well, the other day he—he tried to—that is, well, I—I found him with a pistol in his hand, an'—"

"Susan!" The girl had gone very white.

"Oh, he didn't do it," broke off Susan, "an'—an' I don't think he's goin' to."

"But, oh, Susan," faltered the girl, "you didn't leave that—that awful thing with him, did you?"

"Yes." Susan's mouth set grimly. "An' that's what I wanted to ask you about—if I did right, you know."

"Oh, no, no, Susan! I'm afraid," shuddered the girl. "Can't you—get it away—now?"

"Maybe. I know where 'tis."

"Then get it, Susan. Oh, please get it," begged the girl. "I'm afraid to have it there."

"But, Miss Dorothy, stop; wait just a minute. Think. How's he goin' to make a strong man of himself if we take things away from him like he was a little baby?"

"I know, Susan; but if he *should* be tempted—if he should try again to—"

"He won't. He ain't no more. I'm sure of that. I talked with him. Oh, I've watched him," admitted Susan defensively.

"But what did happen that day you—you found him?"

"Oh, he had it, handlin' it, an' when he heard me, he jumped a little, an' hid it under some papers. My, 'twas awful. I was that scared an' frightened I couldn't move."

"What did you say, Susan, whatever did you do?"

"I don't know. I only know that somehow, when it was over, I had a feelin' that he wouldn't never do that thing again. That somehow the man in him was on top. Ain't it better that he let that pistol alone of his own free will, than if I'd taken it away from him?"

"I suppose—it was, Susan; but I don't think I'd have been strong enough—to make him strong."

"Yes, you would, if you'd been there. I reckon we're all goin' to learn to do a lot of things we never did before, now that the war has come."

"Yes, I know." A quivering pain swept across the young girl's face.

SOMEHOW, the war never seemed real to me before. 'Twas just somethin' 'way off—a lot of Dagoes an' Dutchmen fightin'. Not our kind of folks what talked English. Even when I read the papers, it didn't seem as if 'twas folks on our earth. Oh, of course, I knew John McGuire had gone; but somehow I never thought of him as fightin'. In my mind's eyes I always see him marchin' with flags flyin' an' folks cheerin'; an' I thought the war'd be over, anyhow, by the time he got there.

"But, now—! Why, now all the boys are gone. Some of 'em in France, an' some of 'em in them army canteens down to Ayer an' Texas, an' everywhere. Poor Tom Spencer's died already, an' now look at John McGuire! I tell you, Miss Dorothy, it—it hurts."

"It certainly does, Susan."

"An' let me tell you, what made me see how really big it all is, 'twas because I couldn't write a poem on it."

"Sure enough, Susan! I don't believe I've heard you make a rhyme to-day," smiled Miss Dorothy.

"Yes, I know. I don't make 'em much now. Somehow they don't sing all the time in my heart, an' burst out natural-like, as they used to. I tried writing one on the war, but it just wouldn't do. I begun it:

"Oh, woe is me," said the bayonet,  
"Oh, woe is me," said the sword.

Then the whole awful frightfulness of it an' bigness of it seemed to swallow me up, an' I knew 'twas too big for me. I didn't try to write no more."

"I can see how you couldn't," faltered the girl, as she turned away. "I'm afraid—we're all going to find it—too big for us."

#### CHAPTER XVII

JOHN MCGUIRE had not been home twenty-four hours before it was known that he "took it powerful hard."

To Keith, Susan told what she had learned.

"They say he utterly refuses to see anyone outside the family; an' he's always askin' 'em to let him alone."

"Is he ill or wounded otherwise?" asked Keith.

"No, he ain't hurt outwardly or infernally, except his eyes; an' he says that's the worst of it, one woman told me. He's as sound as a nut, an' good for a hundred years, yet. But he's in an awful state of mind, everybody says."

"I can—imagine it," sighed Keith.

An hour later Mrs. McGuire hurried into Susan's kitchen. "Well, Mrs. McGuire, if you ain't the stranger!" Susan greeted her cordially.

"Yes, I know," sighed Mrs. McGuire. "But you see, I can't leave—him. Mr. McGuire's there now, so I got away."

"But there's Bess and Harry," began Susan.

"We don't leave him with the children, ever," interposed Mrs. McGuire. "We—don't dare to. You see, once we found—we found him with his father's old pistol. Oh, Susan, it—it was awful!"

"Yes, it—must have been," Susan, after one swift glance into her visitor's face, had turned her back suddenly.

"Of course we took it right away," went on Mrs. McGuire, "an' put it where he'll never get it again. But we're always afraid."

"Yes, I know," nodded Susan. "If only he'd see folks now."

"Yes, and that's what I came over to talk to you about," cried Mrs. McGuire eagerly. "I've been wondering if he wouldn't see Keith. You see, he says he just won't be stared at; and Keith, poor boy, *couldn't* stare, and John knows it."

"I'll tell Keith right away. I know he'll go!" exclaimed Susan, all interest at once.

OH, but that wouldn't do at all," cried Mrs. McGuire. "Don't you see? John absolutely refuses to see any one; and he wouldn't see Keith, if I should ask him to. But he's interested in Keith—I know he's that. I am pretty sure it is because Keith is blind, you know, like himself."

"Yes, I see, I see."

"And if I can only manage it so they'll meet without John's knowing they're going to, I believe he'll get to talking with him before he knows it; something's got to be done, Susan!"

"Well, we'll do it. I know we can do it, somehow."

"You think Keith'll do his part?" Mrs. McGuire's eyes were anxious.

"I'm sure he will—when he understands."

"Then, listen," proposed Mrs. McGuire eagerly. "I'll get my John out on to the back porch to-morrow morning. You get Keith to come out into your yard and stroll over to the fence and speak to him, and then come up on to the porch and sit down, just naturally. He can do that all right, can't he?"

"Yes, oh, yes."

"Well, I thought he could. And tell him to keep right on talking every minute so my John won't have a chance to get up and go into the house. As soon as Keith comes, I shall go. They'll get along better by themselves, I'm sure. Now do you understand?"

"Yes, and I know we can do it."

"All right, then. I'm not so sure we can, but we'll try it, anyway," sighed Mrs. McGuire. "Well, I must be going."



"Yes, but not the real him, Susan. We sit there opposite each other, but he's miles away now, always."

Mr. McGuire's as nervous as a witch when he's left alone with John. Now don't forget—ten o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I won't forget," promised Susan cheerfully. "You go home an' set easy, Mis' McGuire. It's comin' out all right—"

When Mrs. McGuire was gone Susan drew a dubious sigh, and her cheery smile had turned to a questioning frown as she went in search of Keith.

Keith was in the living-room.

"I was looking for you," began Susan the moment she had crossed the threshold. "Mis' McGuire's just been here."

"Yes, I heard her voice," returned the boy indifferently.

"She was tellin' about her John."

"How is he getting along?"

"Oh, he's real well physically, but he's in a bad way in his mind."

"Well, you don't wonder, do you?"

"Oh, no, 'course not. Still, well, for one thing, he don't like to see folks."

"Strange! Now I'd think he'd just dote on seeing folks, wouldn't you?"

Susan caught the full force of the sarcasm, but superbly she ignored it.

"Well, I don't know—maybe; but anyhow, he don't, an' Mis' McGuire's that worried she don't know what to do. You see, she found him once with his daddy's pistol,"—

Susan was talking very fast now. "They don't dare to leave him alone a minute. An' Mis' McGuire, she was wonderin' if—if you couldn't help them out some way."

"I?" The short ejaculation was full of amazement.

"Yes. That's what she come over for this mornin'."

"I? They forget." Keith fell back bitterly. "John McGuire might get hold of a dozen revolvers, and I wouldn't know it."

"Oh, I want that. They didn't want you to watch him. They wanted you to— Well, it's just this. You see, he won't talk to—most folks. But Mis' McGuire thought maybe he would talk to you."

"Yes, I see." Keith drew in his breath with a little catch.

"An' so she said there wasn't anybody anywhere that could help so much as you—if you would."

"Why, of course, if I could really help—"

Susan did not need to look into Keith's face to catch the longing and heart-hunger and dawning hope in the word left suspended on his lips.

"Well, you can. You can help a whole lot. An' what's more, you're the only one what can help 'em, in this case."

And Susan turned away with an elaborate air of indifference. Yet when to-morrow came, and when Keith went out into the yard in response to the presence of John McGuire on his back porch, the result was most disappointing—to Susan. To Keith it did not seem to be so much so. All that had happened was that Keith had called out from the gate a pleasant "good morning!" to the blinded soldier, and had followed it with an inconsequential word or two about the weather. John McGuire had answered a crisp, cold something, and had risen at once to go into the house.

Keith, at the first sound of his feet on the porch floor, had turned with a cheery "Well, I must be going back to the house." Whereupon John McGuire had sat down again.

Apparently, not much accomplished, yet there was a glow on Keith's face, and a springiness in his step; and when he reached the kitchen, he said this to Susan:

"The next time John McGuire is on the back porch, please let me know."

At first the intercourse between the two blind youths consisted of a mere word or two tossed by Keith to the other, who gave a still shorter word in reply. But as the month passed, he came more and more frequently.

"He listens for Keith to come along to the fence—I know he does," Mrs. McGuire confided to Susan. "He doesn't let him say much yet, but he hasn't jumped up to go into the house once since those first two or three times, and that's something!"

"Yes, an' the best of it is," chimed in Susan, "it's helpin' Keith Burton hisself just as much as 'tis John McGuire. He asks me a dozen times a mornin' if John's out on the porch yet. An' when he is out there, I tell you, he don't lose no time in goin' out hisself."

Yet it was the very next morning that Keith, after eagerly asking if John McGuire were on the back porch, did not go out. Instead he settled back in his chair and picked up one of his embossed books.

Susan frowned in amazed wonder. Greatly to her indignation, Keith was still sitting in his chair with his book, when, at noon, John McGuire on the porch across the back yard, rose from his seat and went into the house.

Susan was still more indignant when, the next morning, the same program was repeated. And on the third morning it was the same. Then she resolved to speak. She had lain awake half the night rehearsing a series of arguments and pleadings which she meant to present the next morning. Mrs. McGuire's distracted reproaches the evening before had incited her.

"Why, John has asked for him, actually asked for him," Mrs. McGuire had wept.

On the fourth morning, therefore, when John McGuire appeared on the back porch, Susan went into the Burton living-room with the avowed determination of getting Keith into the back yard, or of telling him exactly what she thought of him.

At her first terse announcement that John McGuire was on the back porch, Keith sprang to his feet with a light:

"So? Well, I guess I'll go out myself."

And Susan was left staring at him with open eyes and mouth.

Keith, with his almost uncanny skillful stick to guide him, sauntered down the path and called a cheery greeting to John McGuire, who, in his eagerness to respond, leaned away forward in his chair with a sudden flame of color in his face.

Keith paused only to search with his fingers and pick the one belated rose from the bush at the gate. He pushed the gate open then, and went straight up the walk and up the steps, and dropped into the vacant chair beside John McGuire—and John McGuire turned his face uncertainly, fearfully, yet with infinite longing, toward the blind youth at his side.

After supper that night Mrs. McGuire came over and told Susan all about it. Her face was beaming.

"Did you see them?" she began breathlessly. "It was wonderful! A whole half-hour those two blessed boys sat there and talked; and John laughed twice, actually laughed."

"Yes, I know," nodded Susan, her own face no less beaming.

"And to think how just last night I was blaming Keith because he didn't come over these last three days. And I never saw what he was up to."

"Up to?" frowned Susan.

YES, yes! Don't you see? He did it on purpose—stayed away three whole days, so John would miss him, and want him. And John *did* miss him. Why he listened for him all the time! Now I know. I understand. And I love him for it. He did it to make John want him. And it worked. Oh, Susan, it was wonderful, the way that boy understood!"

"You mean—Keith?"

"Yes. You see, first John began to talk just as he talks to us—raving because he's so strong and well, and likely to live to be a hundred, and of what he's got to look forward to all his life. Oh, Susan, it—it's enough to break the heart of a stone!"

Susan drew in her breath.

"Don't you suppose I know? But what did Keith say to him?"

"Nothing. And that was the first wonderful thing. You see, we—we always talk and try to comfort him. But Keith didn't. He just let him talk, with nothing but just a sympathetic word now and then. It wasn't long before I noticed that Keith was beginning to talk about other things; first, about the rose in his hand. And pretty quick



John was talking about it, too. He had the rose and was smelling of it. Then Keith had a new knife, and he passed that over, and pretty quick I saw that John had that little link puzzle of Keith's, and was having a great time trying to straighten it out. I began to realize then what Keith was doing. He was filling John's mind full of something else beside himself.

"And Keith is coming again to-morrow. John told me so. And if you could have seen his face when he said it! Oh, Susan, isn't it wonderful?" Mrs. McGuire turned to go.

"It is, indeed—wonderful," murmured Susan—but Susan's eyes were out the window on Keith's face—Keith and his father were coming up the walk talking; and on Keith's face was a light Susan had never seen there before.

## CHAPTER XVIII

IT came to be the accepted thing that Keith Burton and John McGuire should spend their mornings together.

Sometimes the two boys talked together. Sometimes they worked on one of Keith's raised picture puzzles. Sometimes Keith read aloud from one of his books. Whatever they did, their doing it was a source of great interest to the entire neighborhood. Everybody watched, but they watched silently. They understood that the one unpardonable sin was to let the blind boys on the porch know that they were the objects of any sort of interest.

One day Mazie Sanborn came with a new book for Mrs. McGuire. She insisted on going into the kitchen where she could see the two boys on the porch. Then, before Mrs. McGuire could divine her purpose and stop her, she had slipped through the door and out on to the porch.

"How do you do, gentlemen," she began blithely. "I just—"

But the terrified Mrs. McGuire had her by the arm, and was pulling her back into the kitchen.

The two boys had leaped to their feet, John McGuire in particular, looking distressed and angry.

"Who was that? Is anybody—there?" he demanded.

"No, dear, not now." In the doorway Mrs. McGuire was trying to frown banishment to Mazie Sanborn.

"But there was—some one," insisted her son sharply.

"Just some one that brought a book to me, dearie, and she's gone now."

John McGuire sat down then. So, too, did Keith. But for the better part of the morning John talked bitterly. He lost all interest in Keith's books and puzzles, and when he was not railing at the tragedy of his fate, he was sitting in gloomy silence.

Keith told Susan that afternoon that if Mrs. McGuire did not keep people away from that porch when he was out there with John, he would not answer for the consequences. Susan told Mrs. McGuire, and Mrs. McGuire told Mazie Sanborn.

To Dorothy, Mazie expressed her mind on the matter.

"I don't care! I'll never go there again—never," she declared angrily, "nor speak to Mrs. McGuire, nor that precious son of hers, nor Keith Burton, either. So there!"

"Oh, Mazie, but poor Keith isn't to blame," remonstrated Dorothy, earnestly.

"He is, too. He is just as bad as John McGuire."

"But, Mazie, dear, he feels his affliction so keenly, and—"

"Oh, yes, that's right—stand up for him! I knew you would," snapped Mazie crossly, "running after him the way you do."

"Running after him!" Dorothy's face was scarlet with indignation. "For shame, Mazie Sanborn, for shame! As if reading to that poor blind boy and trying to help him to while away a few hours of his time were running after him!"

"But he doesn't want you to while away an hour or two of his time. You could see that if you weren't so dead in love with him, and—"

"Mazie!" gasped Dorothy, aghast.

"Well, it's so. The way you look at him, with your heart in your eyes, and—"

"Mazie Sanborn!" gasped Dorothy again. Her face had gone dead white. She was dismayed, and very, very angry.

"Well, I don't care. It's so. Everybody knows it. How you can keep thrusting yourself on a fellow when—"

But Dorothy had gone. With a proud lifting of her head, and a sharp, "We'll not discuss it any longer, please," she had turned and left the room.

But she remembered. She did not go near the Burton homestead for weeks. Furthermore, two new picture puzzles and a new game especially designed for the blind, were buried deep under a pile of clothing in the farther corner of Dorothy's bottom bureau drawer.

At the Burton homestead Susan wondered a little at her absence. She even said to Keith one day:

"Where's Dorothy? We haven't seen her for two weeks."

"I don't know, I'm sure."

Susan threw a keen glance into Keith's face.

"Humph!" was Susan's only comment.

As it happened, something occurred that night so all-absorbing and exciting that even the unexplained absence of Dorothy Parkman became as nothing beside it.

With abrupt suddenness came the news of the death of the poor old woman whose frail hand had held the wealth that Susan coveted for Daniel Burton and his son.

The two men left the next morning for the town where Nancy Holworthy had lived.

Scarcely had they gone before Susan began preparations for their home-coming, as befitted their new estate. Her first move was to get out all the best silver and china. She was busy cleaning it when Mrs. McGuire came in at the kitchen door.

"What's the matter?" she began breathlessly. "Where's Keith? John's been asking for him all the morning. Is Mr. Burton or Keith sick?"

"Oh, no, they're both very well, thank you." There was an air, half elation, half superiority about Susan.

"Well, you needn't be so secret about it," Mrs. McGuire began, a little haughtily; but Susan tossed her head with a light laugh.

"Secret! I guess 'twon't be no secret long. Mr. Daniel Burton an' Master Keith have gone away, Mis' McGuire."

"Away! You mean—a—a vacation?" frowned Mrs. McGuire doubtfully.

"Well, hardly. This ain't exactly no pleasure exertion. Miss Nancy Holworthy is dead, Mis' McGuire. We had the signification last night."

"Not—you don't mean the Nancy Holworthy—the one that's got the money!"

Susan obviously swelled with the glory of the occasion.

"The one and the same, Mis' McGuire."

"My stars and stockings, you don't say! And they've gone to the funeral?"

"They have."

"And they'll get the money now, I suppose."

"They will."

"But are you sure? You know sometimes when folks expect money they don't get it."

"Yes, I know. But 'twon't be here," spoke Susan with decision. "It's all fore-ordained and fixed beforehand. An' a right tidy little sum it is, too."

"Was she awful rich, Susan?"

"More'n a hundred thousand. A hundred an' fifty, I've heard say."

"My gracious me! What in the world will Daniel Burton do with it?"

Susan's chin came up superbly.

"Well, I can tell you one thing, Mis' McGuire: he'll stop peddling peas and beans. Keith and his father have got an awful lot to live up to, an' I mean they shall understand it right away."

"Which explains all this silver and china, I take it," observed Mrs. McGuire dryly.

"Eh? What?" frowned Susan doubtfully; then her face cleared. "Yes, that's just it. They've got to have things now fitted up to their new station. We shall get more, too. An'—"

"It strikes me," interrupted Mrs. McGuire severely, "that Daniel Burton had better be putting his money into Liberty Bonds and Red Cross work, instead of silver spoons and cut-glass, in these war times. And—"

"My land, Mis' McGuire!" Susan exclaimed, "Do you know? Since that yeller telegram came last night—telling us Nancy Holworthy was dead I hain't even once thought of—the war."

"Well, I guess you would think of it—if you had my John right before you all the time. You wouldn't need anything else."

"Humph! I don't need anything else with Daniel Burton 'round."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I mean that that man don't do nothing but read war an' talk war every minute he's in the house."

Susan picked up a silver spoon, and began indifferently to polish it. "Tain't no use for me ter be doin' all this. Daniel Burton won't know whether he's eatin' with a silver spoon or one made of pewter. No more will he retire to a life of ease an' laxity with his paint brushes—unless they declare peace to-morrow mornin'."

"You don't mean—he'll stay in the store?"

Susan made a despairing gesture.

"Goodness only knows what he'll do—I don't. I know what he does now. He's as uneasy as a fish out of water, and he roams the house from one end to the other every night, after he reads the paper. He's got one of them war

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## The Prize-Winning Soldier Letter

THIS letter, winner of the first prize, has been chosen with careful discrimination from hundreds of letters so interesting that we wish we had many more prizes to distribute. The thing that determined its place in the contest was its simple depicting of every-day life at the front. Private McMahon, who was an artist and well-known naturalist, has since given his life in our cause. He gave it as simply as he has given the word pictures in this letter. He answered a call for a volunteer to go out and locate a sniper. In going, he faced the inevitable—the sniper had the advantage of ambush. Announcement of other prize winners will be found at the end of this letter on page 40.—The Editor.

MY dear Jo:—Yours of June 30th just in. Mail from home is more welcome than mess call or pay day.

One of the boys dropped a rifle on my head this morning, but neither was injured. I should have worn my "tin derby"; they are great, quite comfortable and not too heavy. We test them by tossing half a brick up in the air and catching it on our heads. If it doesn't hurt, the helmet is O. K.

Just back from a few days up the line. Our squad covered a strip of the main road with our machine gun. Slept in a battered barn, comfortable though cold and windy. Many of the boys slept in the open trench. We slept all day and took turns standing guard all night, empty shell-cases (French 75's) hung at convenient points for use as a gas alarm. No gas in our section while we were there but we ducked a few H. E. (high explosive) shells that came our way. One of them almost got our major, but he dropped flat and escaped the flying splinters and rocks. Aeroplanes were very active and shrapnel was popping at them at all hours. As all that junk has to come down again, we wore our tin hats all the time, even sleeping with them over our faces; also wore the gas mask at the "alert" position.

Bombardments at night very O. K. Heavy guns, "veery lights," star-shells, very picturesque. Jerry uses many colored lights and rockets, red, green, white, and a beautiful gold, in various combinations. Shrapnel shows yellow at night. Big guns at a distance make a dull yellow flare in the sky; near at hand the actual flash is a sickly lime color, very brilliant.

I often wish you were with us. There are so many sights and stunts you would enjoy and appreciate, and then again I'm glad you're

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"I hope you two haven't been quarreling again," she frowned anxiously.

"Again! Nonsense, Susan, we never did quarrel. Don't be silly."

"I'm thinkin' 'tain't always me that's silly," observed Susan. "That girl was gettin' so she come over just natural-like again, every little while—An' what I want to know is why she stopped right off short like this."

With an attempt at lightness, Keith laughed. "We don't want her to come if she doesn't want to, do we, Susan?"



# Home-Making Versus Money-Making—Which?

## The Views of a Woman Successful in Both

### The Business of Being a Woman

BY EDITH J. R. ISAACS

**I**F you could begin life to-day at your daughter's age and could do anything you pleased—study what you pleased, do any work that you elected to do, run a farm, go into business, practise medicine or just keep house and bring up a family of children—do you know what choice you would make? And do you know why? If your daughter asked you to explain why you chose as you did, could you give her your reasons in a way that would make her want to follow your example?

If not, it is about time to stop working and think about the matter, even if the dishes remain unwashed, the mending undone, the dinner uncooked. Better for the whole family to go hungry to-day than for the mother of the family not to know how to defend her life-work to her daughter.

For the gates of the world have opened to our daughters—the children who have seen the world at war—and they are not waiting, as girls of older generations did, for a husband to come to claim them and lead them out to life. They are going out to meet the world themselves, and to choose the life that seems to them the most worthwhile. If we want them to espouse the cause of home and motherhood, we must stand ready to prove its beauty, its worth and its rewards.

With American industries left barren of more than two million men, with hospitals and cities drained of doctors and nurses, with colleges half empty, farms deserted, our daughters have an almost universal freedom of selection. They can choose the business or profession they most desire, or just keep house and bring up a family of children as women before them have done.

To the home or away from it, then, the choice is before them. The final turn they take depends upon the answers we mothers give them when they come to us to ask: "What shall we do, and why? What is the real business of life? What is the business of womanhood?" Our daughters are practical-minded children of a practical age. They want facts, not sentiments and traditions. They can figure out the advantages of a professional or a business life. They are calling upon us to account for the rewards of our housekeeping, our marriage and our families, before they decide whether they will follow us or not.

What girls of to-day really want to know is, not just whether they shall go into business or stay at home, but whether they shall aim to follow their brothers to freedom and independence and self-realization, with the chance of material prosperity thrown in, or whether they shall follow their mothers to motherhood and housekeeping and renunciation. **SHALL THEY, WITH THEIR NEW ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL FREEDOM, WORK FOR MARRIAGE OR AGAINST IT?** Are children worth the price? That is what they are asking themselves and us.

**W**HAT answer are you going to give your daughter when she comes to you to ask such revolutionary questions? She will come sooner or later, unless you have held her so far away from you that she does not bring you her confidences. For it is not the big city girls alone who are asking questions to-day, not only the girls who have gone to college and learned intellectual sedition; not the dissatisfied, unwomanly girls—it is **ALL GIRLS WHO THINK**—and they are everywhere.

Because they are thinking, they know that every human life should show a profit if it is rightly lived—not a profit in dollars and cents, which is the smallest of gages, but a profit in progress. Unless the world is somehow better, richer, fuller, for every life that is lived, that life has been wasted. What profit has your woman's life shown? You have kept house as diligently as you could; you have sacrificed yourself upon the altar of the home; you have brought up children. But is your house better run than your mother's was? Are you, at middle

age, wiser, kinder, nobler or only more worn out than you were at twenty? Are your children better than you? You cannot count housekeeping a profit if it is not increasingly well done; self-sacrifice is not a profit unless it ennobles you or benefits some one else. Yet you have said a thousand times that children are not what they were when you were young, neither so good nor so useful; that housekeeping grows less efficient with each generation; that your life is one long, dreary, unrewarded sacrifice. Where, then, is your profit? If there is none,

will make of our children. It makes one shudder to think what is going to happen to the finest, most sensitive, most thoughtful girls of the growing generation, if their mothers do not learn to understand and to say: "It was my mistake, my misfortune, if not my fault, that made me miss my woman's opportunity. You, my daughter, are free; go out into the world of other women's homes, the world of business, of science, of art; make the whole earth your school of motherhood; make the most of yourself, so that some day—when the right man comes—you may want to come back with him to found a home where you can make the most of your children, which is the thing above all things that is most worth doing!"

There is no other answer we can give our daughters that will count. The business of womanhood requires more complete and varied preparation than any other business in the world. It requires far more than a knowledge of making beds and washing dishes and cooking a good meal economically. It requires more, even, than a knowledge of child hygiene and education. This triple business of housekeeping, marriage and motherhood is a combination process—spiritual, physical, economic, social. It requires for success

**W**ILL the girls of to-day, to whom progress and war and death have opened the gates of life, work for marriage or against it?

Is their new economic and political freedom going to lead them toward the home or away from it? Can you mothers show your daughters that marriage, home-making, and motherhood are profitable and progressive? When they ask you whether it is better to marry or to go into business, what will you answer?

Be sure of one thing—they will ask these questions of themselves and of you.

what can you tell your daughter that will make her want to follow you to such an unprogressive, unprofitable life?

It will not be enough to tell her that it is her DUTY to marry and bring up a family. She knows that her highest duty is to make the most of her own life. It won't be enough to tell her that she must make a home for some man so that he may work to earn a comfortable livelihood for two. She can earn her own livelihood now, and she will not see why a woman should sacrifice her freedom for a man any more than he should for her. Before you can tell her anything that will convince her, YOU must be convinced yourself that being a woman is the greatest of opportunities which the whole business of life has to offer. Are you convinced of that?

**F**OR that is the simple truth of the matter. The whole business of life is progress toward perfection and the test of progress, from generation to generation, is not better farms or bigger guns or increasing fortunes, but better children—boys and girls more fully equipped with health and education and character. And the business of womanhood, the triple business of marriage, housekeeping and motherhood, is the opportunity to create this world of better boys and girls.

But because it is the best and biggest business in the world, it is the most exacting. It cannot be done by halves. Just haphazard marriage won't do it; women must marry the men whose children will be the best children they can hope for. And to make themselves desirable to such men they must first, by study and work, develop all that is best in themselves. Just haphazard housekeeping won't do it; houses must represent the finest adjustment of means to an end; housekeepers must know and welcome every advance in science, machinery and social cooperation, which frees time and labor from the mere mechanics of housekeeping to devote to the spiritual side of home-making. Just motherhood won't do it; it is being a *better* mother that counts, a wiser, more efficient, more companionable or other, a mother whose motherhood extends to the children of her community, her nation and the world, since her own children are, more and more, the products not only of their own home but of their whole environment.

The great trouble is that most middle-aged women, with the experience of family life behind them, are *not* convinced of all this. They believe that to be a woman is, inevitably, to be what they have been, not the leader of progress, but the stepping-stone over which the race tramples on its forward march. Above all, they do not realize that what we make of ourselves is the test of what we

the highest equipment possible in each branch; and, since each woman cannot, in her limited range of time and strength and capacity, cover the whole field, it requires the finest cooperation between women of all types, so that each may have the benefit of the experiences of all the others. With such working together our homes can not but become better managed and proportionately happier.

No wonder that we have made an unhappy mess of it, we women of the older generation, each one of us trying to do the world's biggest job without training and alone. We should have brought to our work every treasure of our heart and mind and soul—we brought it only our hopes, our prayers, self-sacrifice and tragic ignorance. It was a mill to which all the wisdom of the world was grist. We should have brought to it an understanding of all nature, art, and science, the product of books and of experience. Instead, we brought only the will to turn the great mill wheel, time without end, without regard to what we ground. The world thinks, and has always thought, that motherhood is the most sacred, the most important duty of womanhood. Yet, I venture to say, that no occupation open to women has admitted applicants with the slight amount of training that the average young woman brings to her supreme task of motherhood.

We had our excuse; for the gates of the world were closed to us and the fences of toil and travel were high. But it is no wonder that being a woman suggests to our daughters only self-sacrifice and never self-realization.

**N**OW, progress and war and death have opened the gates of life to women! Mothers who have wisdom and courage will equip their daughters as well as possible and send them through the gates, to touch life and to taste it, so that they may know the worth of the life they are called upon to renew if they are to keep faith with their womanhood. Mothers will send their daughters out, feeling that what work they do does not matter, whether on a farm or in business, practising medicine or just keeping house, as long as they do it thoroughly and well, and learn from it whatever lessons of human life and progress it has to teach. Any work is worth while as a preparation for motherhood which adds something to a girl's mental and spiritual stature, and binds her more closely to the other forward-looking women of her generation.

The wisest mother will be the one who knows how to suggest all this and at the same time to make her daughter dream always of the day when her work and her experience of life may be added to the gift of character she brings to some fine man, so that the partnership they form in marriage will pay its profits in better children.





# starts one of us to RE-CHICKENIZE FRANCE

## THE BIG CAMPAIGN

By Maria Thompson Daviess

ACTING WITH THE AMERICAN COMMITTEE FOR  
DEVASTATED FRANCE



**T**HE campaign to re-chicken the poultryless farms in the devastated regions of France, which we have been incubating, has pipped out of its shell, stretched its wings and is growing pin feathers so fast that we feel tempted to name it Mrs. Biddy Success! It is scratching so vigorously for dimes that we are assured in our hope to turn up a half million or more.

We sent out a million and a quarter copies of the December McCall's Magazine and they must have been read by at least six million people. Now we put to those six million progressive, speculating American people, with food on their tables, clothes on their backs and money in their pockets, this proposition:

Give us a dime. We will buy an egg, put it in an incubator over in France and let a wounded soldier poultry man hatch it out for you. In ten weeks you may give it as a fat broiler to some under-nourished French child, sick poult or nursing mother; or in six months it will be laying eggs for you to present.



The American Committee for Devastated France is right there in the part of France from which the farmers have been driven by shot and shell. Now that the Allied armies have made it possible for the farmers to come back to their homes, this organization is going to help them build up their houses and increase their flocks and herds as rapidly as possible.

Already the work has been started. All you have to do is to pour out the dimes to put eggs into the incubators. We do the rest. We'd like to get at least one dime from every one of you; and from most of you, many dimes. But suppose just one-tenth of you "comes across" with us to those incubators in France, this is what would happen.

Half a million chicks grown by us in France this next season would mean this—we could serve to delicate French children and broken poult, at that "common table" we have proposed, seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of juicy white and dark chicken meat, and not less than three million five hundred thousand eggs, before the end of the year. Wouldn't you like to serve that "common table" just once with your own hands?

At least you shall see some pictures of your French guests having chicken dinners and breakfast omelets "on you."

We are going to do it. We've already begun!

We are sending out boxes of the beautiful tricolor badges that show their wearers to be real helpers of France, and we are getting the dimes in return for them.

### HAVE you bought a chick for France?

Maria Thompson Daviess, who makes this appeal to you, has a whole four-hundred-dollar farm full of them. The McCall Company's employees, not to be outdone by Miss Daviess, have bought a second. Not everyone has four hundred idle dollars at hand, but everyone everywhere can spare a dime for hungry France.

You will be proud to wear the beautiful tricolor badge of membership showing you have helped France. Start a club—enlist friends. Send the dimes to McCall's and we will send the membership badges.

In New York State a patrol of Boy Scouts who call themselves The Hawks have sent in a flock of dimes and are proudly wearing badges proclaiming that they have sent chickens to France. A rather interesting case of the Lion hovering about the Lamb!

A jolly negro woman in a Southern village came waddling into the store post-office with a basket of eggs, each one carefully wrapped in clover hay and newspaper for the long journey across the ocean she thought those exact eggs were to take.

"I'm 'fraid it'll be a dizzy batch of chickens hatched from 'em after rocking on a boat for a week," she said as she handed the basket to the postmaster for proper forwarding. She was immensely relieved when she found that the eggs were to be changed right there into money before a tempestuous journey. Two days later she came back with another basket of eggs and took out six to add to her flock in France. She has the habit firmly fixed by now. We want everybody to get it.

A dear little old scrub-woman picked up a "Dimes Buy Chicks for France" notice in the hall by my door and brought it in to ask about it. She left with me a silver half-dollar which she dug out of a wad under her wet apron. Since then she has twice increased her flock in France. Her flock is being bought by swabbing long halls with dark water out of a pail as she crawls along on her hands and knees. Lafayette, we are paying up!

The proud mother of a very up-and-coming three-year-old daughter is letting her take her breakfast egg three times a week and return it to the box in which it came from the grocer. The financial adjustment between daughter, mother, grocery, McCall's Magazine and The American Committee for Devastated France, is beyond her present state of mental development, but she knows what she is doing and says "Chick, chick for French baby" with a sweet seriousness that ought to grow into a strong thread for the shuttle of the future to weave into the ropes that bind us to our sister Republic. It's so easy that it seems impossible for anybody to fail to do it!

This is all about the assembling of small flocks of dimes. Now I want to tell you about some of our bigger prospects. McCall's Magazine has bought a whole \$400 farm. Not with money taken out of the treasury—nothing as cold and aloof as that. But with dimes, and dimes, and dimes

The little posters that have made you want to read this page were done by students in a design class at Cooper Union, New York. Don't you want to make posters to put up in your town to make your townspeople want to send in chicken dimes?

raised by the young girl employees of the company. They have banded themselves together, enthusiastically, and have campaigned in a manner that should put the whole suffrage organization to shame. They have charmed dimes out of every member of the company, big or little. And they have got their farm.

The Batavia School for the Blind in Batavia, New York, one of the hardest-working little bands of patriots to be inspired by the world's need, owns a flock of chickens in France. Nothing as worthy as this cause could get by the wide-awake little blind people in Batavia. Their knitting record is a thing to be proud of. And now they are "flocking" to feed France with the same energy used to clothe the boys on the firing-line. Also we have a few generous promises of ranches to be presented to us. The people who are going to invest heavily are asking us questions like these:

"How are the chick flocks going to be fed?"

The refuse of large armies can be fed to poultry. All the dry refuse possible is shipped out of the camps. The wet is utilized by the farms nearby. As the iron Allied line was pushing the invader out of France, the farmer followed it closely, and there are innumerable cases of the brave farm women and old men turning up the shell-broken soil and planting within sound of the guns. They will all know how to plant the quick-growing grain crops and there will be some grain to start the feeding in the early spring. Also, will it not be easier for us in the United States to ship hard dry grain to be turned into meat in France than to refrigerate that same amount of necessary meat all the way across the Atlantic Ocean?

Every pound of meat matured in France saves that much tonnage. The proposition is a good one and we must put it through.

"Where are the eggs coming from to be purchased with our dimes?" we are asked.

From the southern and undevastated part of France, from England, and possibly Spain. England has seen the wisdom of getting a rapidly maturing meat supply and its increase in poultry has been enormous. The American Committee for Devastated France can have the eggs shipped into the war zone by special permit where it would be impossible for the individual poultry raiser to get them in small quantities.

"How are the baby chicks to be distributed?"

The American Committee for Devastated France will do that work systematically. A baby chick can be taken out of an

(Continued on page 18)



# The Remodeling of Patty

By Fanny Kilbourne

IF she had not known Grace Goodspeed, it might never have occurred to Patty MacNaught to be dissatisfied with herself, her face, her clothes, her education, her home. It was in comparison with Grace's regular blond beauty that Patty realized that her own nose was tip-tilted. Compared with Grace's finishing-school and year in Paris, her own two years at the State University seemed commonplace. Compared with Grace's dignified, well-ordered home, Patty realized suddenly that the parsonage was shabby.

Patty had never given much thought to herself; her life had been too full, too busy. At twenty, she could manage both of her brothers, write a club paper on the Influence of Anything upon Anything, coax her father back from one of his rare fits of depression, trim her own hats or paint the pantry.

Then Patty met DeWolf Garry and became aware in a new way of Grace Goodspeed. DeWolf was the son of an old friend of her father's. While Patty's father had been laying up his treasures in heaven, DeWolf's father had been accumulating his right here on earth. So Patty and her father rode about the city in the Garrys' car, and dined with the Garrys at the smart restaurants.

When they left for Carver, Mr. MacNaught invited DeWolf to spend a week-end at the parsonage, promising him some good hunting.

One afternoon two weeks later, Patty told Grace about DeWolf.

"DeWolf Garry!" Grace exclaimed. "He was in Paris at the same time I was."

Then Grace told of the things she and DeWolf had done at gay parties given among the American colonists. As Grace talked, a queer little depression crept into Patty's mind. She realized suddenly how different from her the girls in DeWolf's life had been.

Patty felt sure DeWolf liked her. But then, he had seen her only at her best. She had worn her prettiest clothes, her holidaying mood.

She was cleaning the guest room. Her gingham dress was dusty, her hands were dirty. As she swept briskly in the corners and shook her duster out of the parsonage window, she made a resolve. It was six weeks before DeWolf was to come. By that time, she would have changed herself over into his own kind of girl.

It was a large order, but Patty set to work systematically. She took Grace for a model and saw her as much as possible. This was easy for Grace as she had always been fond of Patty, but it was hard for Patty, as her duties did not diminish with the advent of the new interest which made demands.

She went shopping with Grace, and studied Grace's taste in clothes. When it came time to select her own fall hat and suit, she was able to select the same kind that Grace, herself, would have chosen. Then it was that Patty began to be dissatisfied with her figure and face. She had not realized how plump she was until she saw herself in the suit fashioned for Grace's tall slimness, nor had she realized how irregular her own features were until she saw her tip-tilted little nose mocking the tailored dignity of her new sailor.

Mrs. MacNaught came into the living-room one Saturday morning to find that Patty had removed the music from the piano, the photographs from the mantel, and most of the magazines from the table. One cushion rested formally at each end of the davenport. The effect of barrenness was startling.

"It isn't good taste any more to have so much stuff around," Patty explained. "At Grace's, in the reception room, they don't have anything."

"But this isn't a reception room, it's our living-room," her mother objected.

"I know it," Patty admitted, "but as long as we have to bring every Tom, Dick and Harry right here we certainly ought to make it look a little more dignified."

Patty found this more difficult than she had anticipated; her brothers deposited the customary litter of cushions on the davenport; her father scattered books and magazines about, and her mother was always leaving her open sewing basket on the table.

"Have a heart, Pat," her brother would remonstrate. "All you need to do is to run up a marble pillar or two and

you'll have the place about as cozy as Grant's tomb."

But if Patty found it difficult to make her home, her clothes and her family conform with Grace's, she found that cultivating tastes like Grace's was the hardest task of all. Her spontaneity, her quick enthusiasms, her bubbling sense of humor, a dozen qualities, made it hard for Patty to acquire the easy calm with which Grace met every situation.

She began to see that it was not her manners which were at fault so much as the tastes that lay beneath those manners and were the cause of them. Coming home from an exciting baseball game with her brothers, hot, dusty, disheveled, and meeting Grace in immaculate white, returning from a leisurely call, Patty felt herself at a disadvantage and could not be as much at ease, as cool, graceful, charming as her friend. One could drop in upon Grace at any hour of the day and find her daintily dressed, at leisure. No wonder Grace could always be calmly gracious. It was a different matter to have an unexpected caller find one making jelly as Nancy Barton found Patty the next Saturday morning. Grace's pleasant, formal manners simply would not serve. To be sure, Nancy had seemed delighted to perch on the rail of the back porch and sample a large slice of bread and jelly, but it placed the whole situation on a different plane. And the reason which made it so hard for Patty to be like Grace was that, way down underneath her desire for the qualities Grace represented, was a still stronger love for the baseball and jelly-making sides of life.

But work she did, and by eternal vigilance Patty acquired new traits, some as foreign to her as they were unbecoming.

Then the week-end came. DeWolf's note had said that he would arrive Thursday morning. Early Monday, Patty began her preparations. Mrs. MacNaught seemed to feel that the ordinary preparations made to receive any guest were sufficient, and Tuesday morning she left for a convention.

Alone at home Patty laid her plans. Everything which could be done beforehand was to be done so as to create the atmosphere of a home managed by servants as competent as the Goodspeeds'. Fortunately she had two whole days.

She had decided to move a bookcase and had piled all the books high in the middle of the floor, when the doorbell rang. Patty did not stop to take off her apron. At the door stood DeWolf Garry! Patty stared at him in blank bewilderment.

"Didn't you get my note?" he asked in surprise.

"Yes, but—but you said Thursday morning," Patty gasped.

"That's what comes of writing a hand like mine," DeWolf said contritely. "I'm awfully sorry. I do hope I haven't upset any of your plans."

"Oh, no, not at all," said Patty, with her best imitation of Grace's manner.

It was a miserable beginning. Patty showed DeWolf up to the guest chamber, and dashed downstairs to make a frantic attempt at tidying the living-room. When DeWolf came down again, all the poise and the gracious, dignified manners she had been trying so hard to acquire, deserted her.

The morning dragged wretchedly along. Conversation was strained. At noon, Patty excused herself to prepare the luncheon, leaving DeWolf with a magazine. But the most skillful use of salad forks and butter balls could not hide the fact that the meal was a pick-up affair.

When DeWolf went upstairs later to get a book he had brought for her father, Patty leaned her head against the pantry shelves and cried. She was a failure, a miserable, heart-broken failure!

She heard DeWolf's step in the dining-room and hurriedly dried her eyes. She found him standing beside the table.

"Please, Patty," he said with embarrassment in his crimson face, "if there's some reason why it isn't perfectly



Then she forgot all else in this strange, new happiness

convenient for you to have me just now, won't you be frank and say so? It wouldn't make a bit of difference, you know. I could go on down to see a pal of mine in Dayton for a day or two, or—"

Patty realized suddenly what she had done. She had made a guest feel himself unwelcome! In the shock of the discovery, she forgot all about Grace Goodspeed. She was startled right back into the Patty of two months ago.

And the old Patty left DeWolf no doubt of his welcome. "Sure and it's only flurried that I was," she confessed, "because I didn't have me house garnished and ready for your worship."

After DeWolf's laughter and after the jolly afternoon that the two spent together in the kitchen, "doing" the luncheon dishes and preparing dinner, Patty realized that it was too late to go back to her original plans. And she was conscious of a sense of relief. After six weeks of crushing back her own personality, it was like a vacation to be herself again.

As day after day went by, Patty grew surer that DeWolf cared for her, just as she was, in spite of the shabby parsonage, in spite of her tip-tilted nose, in spite of everything. Then one night he told her so. She forgot then about wishing to improve herself, forgot all else in this strange, new happiness.

A day or two later DeWolf happened to mention Grace Goodspeed.

"It's a fine thing for her to be around so much with you," he said carelessly.

"Fine for her!" Patty echoed. "How do you mean?"

"Oh, in a general sort of way," he explained vaguely. "She's a good deal more human than she was when I knew her in Paris. You've taught her a lot."

"Well, of all things! I can't see what Grace could possibly learn from me."

"I don't know that she could, so very much," DeWolf admitted. "A social gift like yours is born with you, not learned. I never saw anything like the way you can put all kinds of people at their ease."

"But, DeWolf," Patty protested, "Grace knows so much more about the world than I do. She has traveled, she knows what to do under so many circumstances, she—"

MAYBE," DeWolf interrupted. "She may know the ropes in a lot of places where you wouldn't. But set the two of you down in a situation that was strange to both of you, and Grace would be at an utter loss. You'd do the right thing by instinct."

DeWolf's mind wandered on, a long way from Grace Goodspeed; but Patty, sitting in silence, her lover's arm about her, thought of the last six weeks filled with mistakes. She had been deliberately giving up her own personality, tampering with the precious individuality which was herself. Had Grace been far more charming, her own attempts at imitating far more successful, Patty saw that it would still be wrong. At best, she would be making herself a mere copy instead of an original.

In her desire to have her home, her hospitality like Grace's, she had resented the constant stream of guests called to the parsonage. Yet DeWolf had been right; it was from these varied guests that she had learned what little ability she might have in meeting people easily. She could not have stopped the stream of guests any more than she could have taken the tilt away from her saucy little nose. It was love's witchery, she knew, that made DeWolf think the little tilt attractive. Still she could see now that it would have been wiser to purchase the hat that suited the tilt, rather than to buy a sailor like Grace's and try vainly to make her face suit her hat. All she had ever won from her attempts to be like Grace had been a dissatisfaction with herself, her family, and her home.

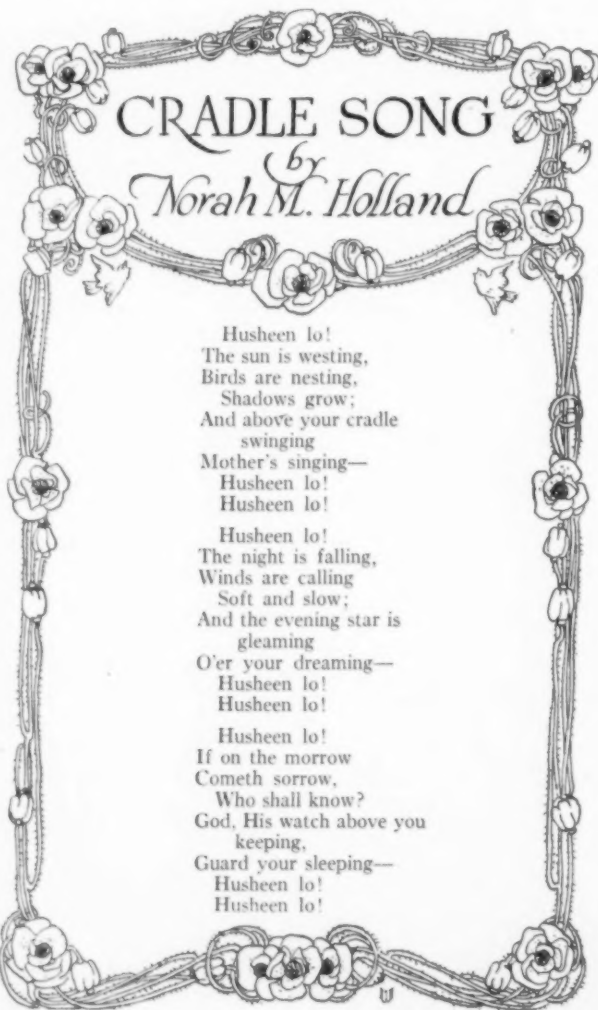
Her sense of humor, too, DeWolf loved. Yet she had stifled many a laugh because Grace had not laughed. With all the tastes in fun that exist in the world, to think that she had limited herself to one, and that one not her own!

Now that she was looking at things from a different point of view, Patty realized that, for living in, she preferred the parsonage to the Goodspeed house. It lacked the elegance, but its own charm was there, for, lurking in the genial disorder of the living-room, the simple guest chamber with its ever changing guests, smiling behind her mother's glasses, warm in her father's ready welcome, was the very spirit of home.

And she had been trying to give up the things that she loved the most! Self-improvement, she could see now, was not a slavish imitation of another. It was a developing along one's own lines. She had one thing to be thankful for. She was glad that she had been made to see things straight before she had stunted her sense of humor, or lost the ability to make her own way successfully anywhere in the world.

"What are you thinking about?" DeWolf's words startled her out of her reverie.

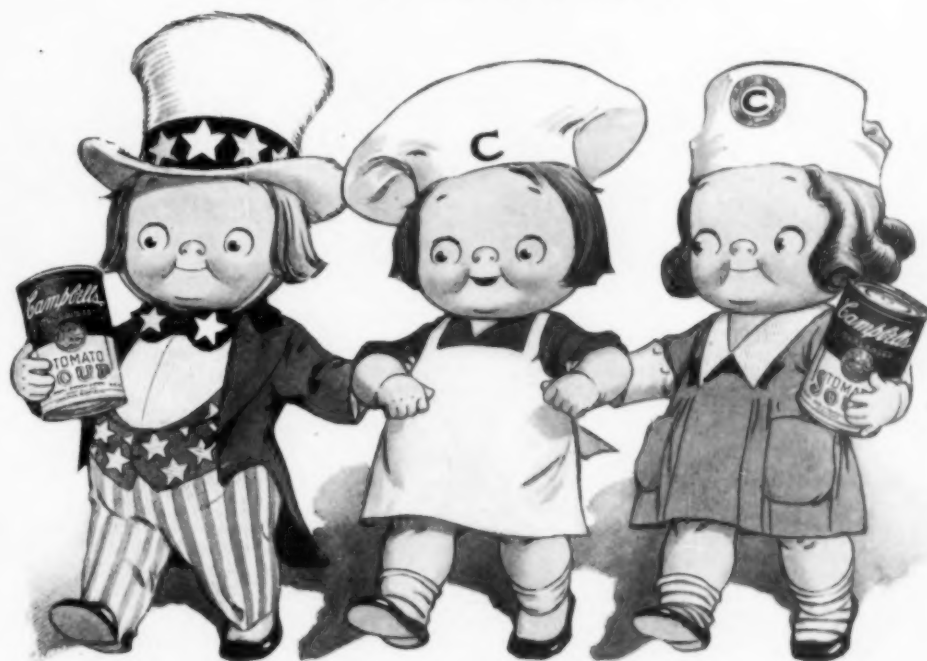
"Oh—" Patty paused. DeWolf drew his arm a little tighter about her. "Oh," she said softly, "just a few more reasons why I'm glad you came."



Husheen lo!  
The sun is westing,  
Birds are nesting,  
Shadows grow;  
And above your cradle  
swinging  
Mother's singing—  
Husheen lo!  
Husheen lo!  
Husheen lo!  
The night is falling,  
Winds are calling  
Soft and slow;  
And the evening star is  
gleaming  
O'er your dreaming—  
Husheen lo!  
Husheen lo!  
Husheen lo!  
If on the morrow  
Cometh sorrow,  
Who shall know?  
God, His watch above you  
keeping,  
Guard your sleeping—  
Husheen lo!  
Husheen lo!



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Good cheer from Miami to Nome!  
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For it helps protect your own beloved home!"



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**12c a can**

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Beef  
Bouillon  
Celery  
Chicken  
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)  
Clam Bouillon

Clam Chowder  
Consommé  
Julienne  
Mock Turtle  
Mulligatawny  
Mutton  
Ox Tail

Pea  
Printanier  
Tomato  
Tomato-Okra  
Vegetable  
Vegetable-Beef  
Vermicelli-Tomato

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THE MORE CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL  
Dept. 28 Springfield, Mass.

IN the article in the December number of McCall's Magazine, we have seen how serious the menace of tuberculosis is in all civilized countries. A number of questions of practical moment now present themselves for consideration. Until the discovery of the tubercle bacillus by Robert Koch in 1882, there was an almost universal belief in the hereditary origin of tuberculosis, and this belief is still prevalent among the laity. The family "nests" of tuberculosis and the destruction of entire families in one generation after another, so frequently witnessed, seemed to compel the acceptance of this view. The infectious nature of the disease and its communicability—the origin of every case from a previous case—was but slowly accepted. At the present time the proof of this is overwhelming and permits of no difference of opinion. The disease, however, is often so long latent that it is frequently difficult to trace any given case to its source. The recital of the history of a single group—there are thousands like it—may illustrate what happens.

Several years ago I saw in consultation a young girl who had just developed pulmonary tuberculosis. Inquiry showed that her father had had the disease (unrecognized) for many years, although his death was finally due to another cause. A little later I saw an older sister, also the victim of early tuberculous disease. Then an examination of an older brother revealed an unrecognized and arrested tuberculosis, while a younger brother was found to have incipient disease. On further inquiry it developed that a family governess was in a tuberculosis sanatorium, and about a year later I was called to see a man suffering with pulmonary hemorrhage due to tuberculosis, and learned that he had been for a number of years private secretary to the father. The father, a man of large means, spent much of his time at sea, and took various members of his family with him for companionship on these voyages. His eyesight was very poor and he had become exceedingly careless in the disposal of his sputum, spitting anywhere that was convenient. Carelessness in the disposal of his sputum for a number of years had resulted in the infection of at least six other persons.

We may consider several questions:  
First.—What is the cause of tuberculosis and how is the disease contracted?

Tuberculosis is due to the tubercle bacillus, an organism which is found in the discharges from all organs or tissues, the seat of tuberculous disease. This germ does not find the conditions necessary for its multiplication outside the living body. When, therefore, infection of any individual occurs, it must result from the ingestion of the same identical tubercle bacilli which have been thrown off in the discharge from some previous case. The tubercle bacillus slowly dies out when it is dried, being quickly killed by direct sunlight, and slowly,

### INSANE FEAR OF GERMS

A. G., Wisconsin, and others.—Am a young, inexperienced mother with a six months' old baby. Have heard so much of germs causing disease that I have become insane on the subject. Door knobs, mail, money, everything I touch seems to be covered with germs, and I am everlastingly scrubbing my hands. I am tortured with the fear of germs getting on baby. I dislike visitors to come to the house. Am afraid even to nurse baby for fear of his getting germs from me. What can I do to be cured of this bacteriophobia?

Though evidently fairly well informed, generally, you lack knowledge of germs, or rather know just enough to do more harm than good. Most germs are not harmful. Many of them are necessary to our existence on the earth, like the germs of fermentation and decay, without which plants and animals could not live. Some germs do cause disease. But the human body is provided with natural means of protection, such as the skin, the mucous membrane, the blood and certain substances in the body cells, which counteract or resist the action of the disease germs. Again, disease germs cannot grow and develop their poisons unless they find conditions favorable for their growth. The healthy body is an unfavorable soil for most disease germs; it resists their attacks. Therefore,

# How Can We Keep Well?

## The Truth About Tuberculosis

By Hermann M. Biggs, M.D., LL.D.

Commissioner of Health, State of New York

even by diffuse daylight. It is contained chiefly in the sputum from cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, and the disease is distributed, like the other diseases of the respiratory passages, by the infective agents contained in the spray in unguarded coughing and sneezing, and in the moist or recently dried sputum.

The milk of tuberculous cows may contain the germs of bovine tuberculosis, which are the cause of the disease in about one-quarter of the cases of tuberculosis occurring in young children. Adults are rarely affected with bovine tuberculosis.

As has been indicated, tuberculosis is practically never inherited. There are scarcely thirty well authenticated cases of tuberculosis existing in new-born infants; the infections found in infancy occur after

Are babies ever born with tuberculosis?  
How can tuberculosis be detected in its early stages?  
Can tuberculosis be cured?  
What about medicine cures for tuberculosis?  
What is the best treatment for a tubercular patient?  
These questions assume a new importance just now in the face of the danger of tuberculosis resulting from war's privations among the poor of the country and the exposure and gas-attacks of soldiers. Dr. Biggs is acknowledged to be one of the foremost of the world's tuberculosis experts, and his answers to these questions are offered here with unlimited confidence in their authority.—The Editor.

birth and are not inherited. The frequent occurrence of the disease in several members of a family, or even in successive generations in the same family, is the result of the communication of the disease from one member of the family to another, or of house infection among those living under similar conditions. It is also true that the members of certain families inherit constitutions in which the resistance to this infection is less than the average.

Second.—What are the symptoms of the disease, and how is it to be recognized in the beginning?

Tuberculosis is very insidious in its development; often few signs or symptoms suggestive of disease of the lungs or of any serious disease are present. In the beginning, even an experienced physician is often misled.

A somewhat "run-down" condition with pallor, slight cough, loss of appetite and weight and strength, are common symptoms. The disease may follow an attack of grippe, measles, whooping cough or typhoid fever. Occasionally hemorrhage from the lungs or "spitting blood" is the first symptom; fever in the afternoon or evening and night sweats, so often referred to, usually indicate an active, and often rather advanced disease. Microscopic examination of the sputum

may or may not show the presence of tubercle bacilli. The diagnosis of early tuberculous disease is often extremely difficult, and the most careful and repeated examinations, including X-ray plates, may be necessary to detect its presence. At this time treatment is most successful, and usually results in an early arrest. The longer the disease has existed, the less the chances are for recovery, and the longer the time required.

Third.—How is the disease to be arrested or cured?

With the hearty cooperation of the patient, tuberculosis can be arrested in most cases, if detected early, and if the patient can be placed under favorable conditions. This will not be accomplished, however, by drugs or medicines. There is no drug which has any great value in the treatment of tuberculosis. Too much emphasis cannot be placed on this statement. Patent medicines, much advertised for the treatment of this disease, are useless and generally harmful. They quiet the cough, or relieve some of the symptoms, and thus deceive the patient,

while the disease slowly extends and the real opportunity for recovery is lost. Rest—absolute rest in bed for some weeks—an abundance of simple, nutritious food and fresh air, with a courageous spirit and a contented mind, are the sovereign remedies. These can be better obtained in a sanatorium than elsewhere, and therefore the results of sanatorium treatment are far better, as a rule, than those obtained at home. The supervision of the small details of life and the watchful care necessary can be better given by the sanatorium physician experienced in this work. A

radical change in climate is not always necessary, although the results of treatment in some climates are better than in others. A warm, dry, elevated location, with much sunlight and little wind is perhaps the most favorable. For this reason Arizona and New Mexico afford possibly the best climates in the world for the treatment.

For those who have read the previous articles in McCall's Magazine on the communicable diseases of the air passages, little needs to be added. Aside from the cases in young children, due to drinking the milk of tuberculous cows, practically all the other cases of tuberculosis of all kinds are caused by taking in tubercle bacilli derived from the sputum of tuberculous patients. If the sputum of all tuberculous individuals in this country could be effectually destroyed at the time of its exit from the body, tuberculosis would practically disappear in one generation. It is only necessary to exercise scrupulous care in covering the mouth and nose in coughing and sneezing, to promptly disinfect or destroy all sputum after its discharge, and also all handkerchiefs, cloths or eating utensils used by the patient.

Several hundred thousand lives a year are sacrificed in this country because these simple precautions are not generally observed.

## Health Questions Answered

If you want any further information concerning the prevention and care of tuberculosis, pneumonia, grippe, or any other communicable disease, write to Dr. Arthur R. Guerard, care of McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City. Dr. Guerard will answer personally through the mail any health question, provided a stamped self-addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.

if we keep our bodies healthy by proper living, the dangers from infection are greatly decreased. As long as you conserve your own health and keep your surroundings clean and wholesome, you can dismiss the thought of germs from your mind. By all means, nurse your baby; the mother's milk is the baby's natural and best food.

### A YOUNG WIFE'S QUESTION

W. L., Washington, and others.—1. Can the sex of the child be controlled or determined before birth? 2. Can twin pregnancies be produced at will, or are they accidental? 3. How can they be detected before birth? 4. What are birth markings, and how can they be prevented? 5. Do the thoughts, acts, or disposition of the mother during pregnancy affect the disposition and character of the child?

1. The sex of the child cannot be controlled or determined before birth. 2. Multiple pregnancy cannot be produced at will. Twins at birth are of not uncommon occurrence. 3. They can only be detected positively by the doctor a short time before birth. 4. By "birth-markings" are meant maternal impressions, such as

shock or fright, at one time believed to produce an injuring modification of the child through influence on the mother's

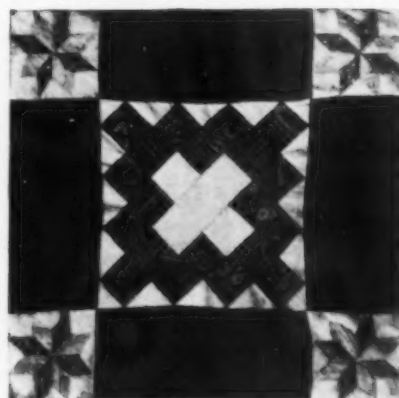
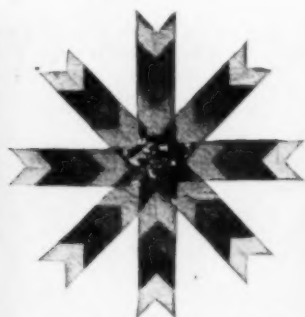
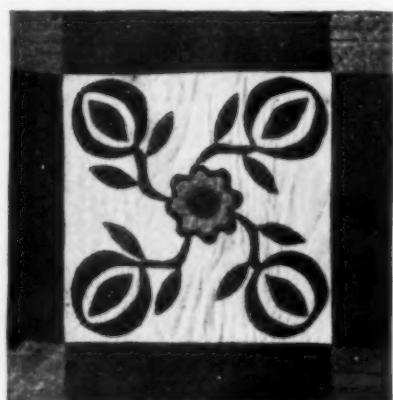
mind. There is no scientific foundation for this belief, which is relegated to the past with other old woman's tales. 5. Nevertheless, the mother is not simply a passive instrument in the development of the unborn child. If she lives a normal, healthy, happy life, and takes proper care of her own health by having plenty of sleep, fresh air and exercise, eating sensible food, and attending to her own mental and bodily functions, the child will also be sound and normal in body and mind; if not, and she goes through pregnancy unhappy or lamenting her fate, the child may be robbed of its proper nutrition, and its disposition may reasonably be expected to be irritable and nervous.

### SMALL POX SCARS

F. S., Omaha.—Is there any way of getting rid of small pox scars?

Neither the prevention of pitting nor the removal of the scars is in the hands of the physician. When the true skin has been destroyed by the pustule the scar cannot be got rid of. The only prevention of small pox is vaccination.



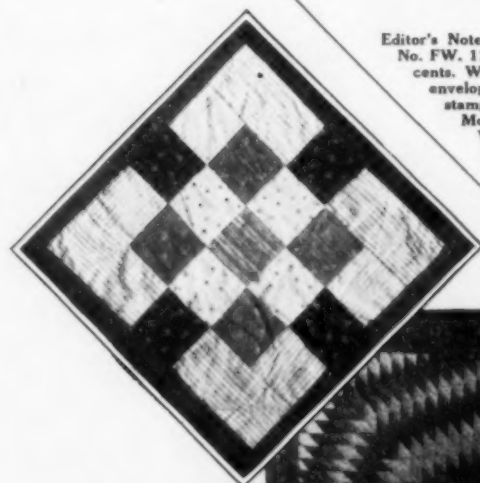


Above.—The radiating center of the Rising Sun Quilt shown below.  
Left.—The old rose and peony design resplendent in green and red.  
Right.—Eight pointed star cornering a simple block pattern

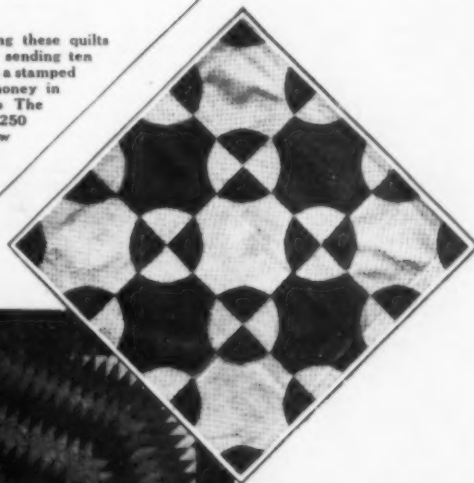
## Patchwork—The Older the Better

By Elisabeth May Blondel

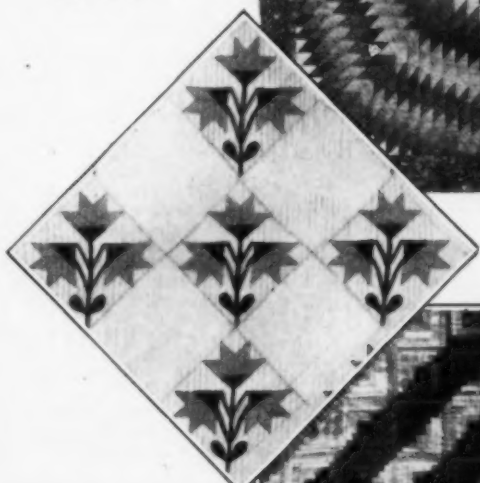
Editor's Note.—Directions for making these quilts No. FW. 110 can be obtained by sending ten cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Send money in stamps or money order to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.



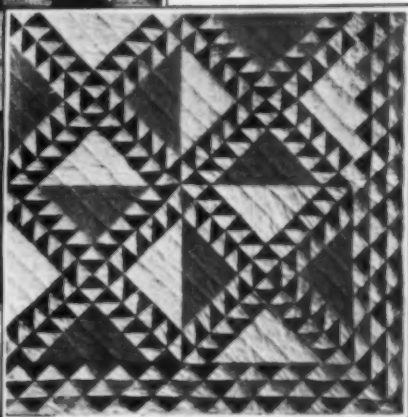
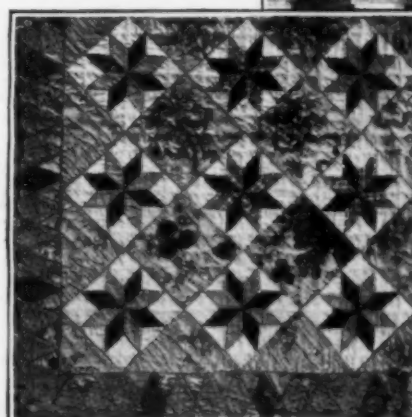
Above.—The kind of patchwork that unbelievably tiny hands used to work at when our grandmothers learned to sew and acquire patience at the same time. Perhaps the rising generation might be benefited by imitating grandmother a bit.  
Below.—The Conventional Tulip, very gay and perky with bright orange flowers and green foliage on white muslin, carefully quilted in even rows. While the subject of patchwork suggests antiquity, few people realize that this is an art traceable back to an early Egyptian period.



Above.—What feminine heart wouldn't be delighted at the inconsistency of snuggling up for warmth under this quaint Snow Ball Quilt?  
Below.—Baskets galore, made of adorable old prints and everything else that tumbled out of the rag bag. If your inheritance does not include any wonderful old patchwork quilts, the remedy suggested is "start one today." It is interesting to note that patchwork continues as a home art, notwithstanding the inroads of machinery upon various other home crafts.



Above.—Diamond upon diamond, the venerable Rising Sun Quilt blazes in a glory of colors.



Above.—The genuine Log Cabin Quilt, a favorite in American homes for generations.  
Left.—The Eight-Pointed Star in a lovely old chintz quilt possessing an especially pretty border.  
Right.—A unique arrangement of large and small diamonds.



## Grape-Nuts

helps many a child along the road to sturdy health.

This food is made of whole grain, is appetizing and easily digested. It is rich in cereal sugar, and answers childhood's call for something sweet—at any time of day, and with perfect surety of satisfaction.

## The Sugar in Grape-Nuts

is not added, but is self-developed in the making by processing of the wheat and barley from which the food is made.

Grape-Nuts has been a favorite food with children, as well as adults, for many years. And its success as a builder of growth and strength is so apparent under trial, that once used it continues as a standby food of the family.

Naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts requires no sugar; it is fully cooked, and there is not a particle of waste—very important considerations these days.

Grocers everywhere sell Grape-Nuts

"There's a Reason"

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GLUE  
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## The Home Story-Teller

By Annie E. Moore

Kindergarten Instructor, Columbia University

MANY a mother has been startled by her child's first, "Mother, please tell me a story—a real, sure-enough story?" When that request comes she realizes that the scrappy little bits of narrative

about the puppy, the sparrow, the rocking-horse and other familiar things no longer satisfy, and she is left rather blank and helpless. Have you had the experience? No doubt you have always felt that you couldn't tell even the simplest anecdote without spoiling it. But the plea for "Story, story" becomes insistent, and you know that, in some way or other, you are going to have to make a story-teller out of yourself. How are you going to do it?

Before all else, if you lack the natural gift of spinning out a story, be firmly convinced that the art can be acquired. Gradually discard the little home-made nursery stories and learn a number of those real tales which have been the favorites of all times. Remember, furthermore, that a story goes better if you tell it with zest, dramatic tone and gesture. You need not devote time to study apart from the children. As in everything else, the only way to learn to do the thing, is to do it. If you begin when the children are quite young, your mastery of stories will proceed by easy stages from the simplest to the longer and more complex kinds.

A mother came to me recently, saying, "My little girl is outgrowing Mother Goose. What shall I do? I don't know any really worth-while stories." My advice to her was something like this: See if you cannot recall at least the main events of a few good old stories such as "The Three Pigs," "The Old Woman and Her Pig," or "Henny Penny." If the form in which you recall the story seems confused or bare and uninteresting, consult some good collection containing such stories. When you find a version you like, if you haven't time to get it clearly in mind, begin by reading it aloud to your little girl.

She will listen eagerly to many repetitions of the same beloved story. By the time you have read aloud a few times a simple, well constructed tale, such as "The Three Pigs," it almost tells itself. Then, some day when the book is not at hand, start boldly in to tell the story. Be assured if you fail to get the order of events, or if you miss by so much as an adjective the approved form, your little listener will rush to your assistance.

So much for knowing your story. Now for the real telling of it. For a while, you will have to make a conscious effort to get the dramatic tone children love. When you are reading the story aloud, watch for the significant details, especially pleasing expressions, lively dialogue, and funny turns. Try also, to visualize clearly and vividly the scene and action and to enter sympathetically into the experiences of the leading character, whether it is the winsome Snow White, the poor little pig trying to escape the crafty wolf, or merely a little tin soldier who bears himself bravely through a difficult and adventurous career. Enter into the spirit of the story yourself, and you need not worry about the telling. Before you know it, you will have memorized the story completely and accurately.

You should be letter-perfect, of course, in the rhymed refrains which abound in the old folk tales and which our modern writers imitate. But these rollicking verses are seldom more than three or four lines long, and they stick in the mind as Mother Goose

does. Such refrains occur in "The Three Pigs." As the wolf comes to each of the little houses in succession, he says, ingratiatingly,

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in,"

and each occupant, in turn, replies,

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin."

Then the same answer comes each time,

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff,  
And I'll blow your house in."

Such rhymes, frequently repeated, constitute half the charm of the story.

"Mother,  
please tell  
a real sure-  
enough  
story"



It is with such tales that children usually begin their own efforts at story-telling. Next to listening to stories, most children love to tell them. Encourage them from the beginning to give back either to you or to one another, the stories which they hear often.

FOLK and fairy tales cannot be judged as good or bad as a class, for there are all degrees of worth among them just as in modern stories. Many are entirely unfit for children, many are poorly constructed, a mere string of loosely related marvels, while others are worthy to be classed among the world's great literary products. The fine quality of some of these old tales is evinced by the fact that it is almost impossible for writers, even those of real ability, to imitate them successfully. "Little Black Sambo," by Helen Bannerman, is a good illustration of the rare modern story which possesses in a high degree the charming qualities of the folk tale, simplicity, an interesting central figure, rapid action, surprise, and a happy ending.

The best of the old tales, especially those suited to children of six years and over, have a decided ethical quality, although there is never any direct preaching. If you want a story to illustrate forcibly such fundamental virtues as loyalty, courage, devotion, patient service, resourcefulness, hospitality, consideration for the weak and helpless, you cannot find a richer source

for such material. You will enjoy going to the children's department of a public library to see the numerous collections there. It will not be hard to select a short list of the best tales for your children.

However, you may lack the time for this, and if you do, best security is found in the ownership of a few well-graded collections of children's stories. Do not try to get along without tools in this art, any more than you would in gardening or sewing.

Sooner or later your child will begin to ask, "Is it a true story?" Your sturdy son especially will demand realistic stories—those which involve no events humanly impossible and engage no supernatural agents such as fairies, giants or ogres. Your tiny folk want and should have interesting stories centering around modern child life. Stories of this sort, of a suitable length for telling, are not easily found. For the youngest children, Maud Lindsay is one of the most successful writers. Some excellent realistic stories for older children may be found in "Fifty Famous Stories Retold," and "An American Book of Golden Deeds," by James Baldwin.

In the books listed below may be found stories of various types suited to different ages.

"Stories to Tell the Littlest Ones," by Sara Cora Bryant. Very short stories, both old and modern, for children of 3 to 6 years.

"A Story Garden for Little Children," by Maud Lindsay.

Good realistic stories, for children of 4 to 6 years.

"More Mother Stories," by Maud Lindsay. Realistic and fanciful stories, for children of 4 to 6 years.

"Once Upon a Time Stories," by Melvin Hix. Short folk tales with much repetition, for children of 4 to 6 years.

"Firelight Stories," by Carolyn Bailey. Short folk tales with much repetition, for children of 4 to 7 years.

"Book of Folk Stories," by Horace Scudder. Simple, interesting versions of popular old tales, for children of 5 to 6 years.

"How to Tell Stories to Children," by Sara Cora Bryant. Help in story-telling and some excellent stories, for children of 6 to 10 years.

"Stories to Tell the Children," by Sara Cora Bryant. Excellent general collection, for children of 6 to 10 years.

"Fairy Stories Every Child Should Know," by Hamilton Mabie. One of the best collections, for children of 6 to 10 years.

"The Blue Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang. Well chosen French, German and English folk and fairy tales, for children of 7 to 10 years.

"Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings," by Joel Chandler Harris. The best of the Uncle Remus Tales, for children of 6 to 12 years.

"Just-So Stories," by Rudyard Kipling. Humorous modern stories, some of them with much repetition, for children of 6 to 10 years.

"Fifty Famous Stories Retold," by James Baldwin. Good realistic stories, with interest and charm, for children of 7 to 10 years.

"An American Book of Golden Deeds," by James Baldwin. A collection that is modern, realistic and historical, for children of 8 to 12 years.

## To Re-Chickenize France

(Continued from page 13)

incubator and sent a three-days' journey in a pasteboard box if it is neither fed nor watered. They lie dormant for that time. If they do not get chilled on the way, which is not likely if they are packed closely together and given only a little air, they will revive, like drooping flowers, at the end of a three-day journey, the minute their small bills are put in water and they get one or

two sips. This sounds like a fairy story, but any poultry man will undertake to ship baby chicks from New York to Florida at his own risk in the manner I have just described. Thus, you see, our little dime chicks can be sent all over chickenless France and we can trust the French house-mother to put them beside the kitchen oven and tend them until they feather out and

begin to reproduce themselves for the future. Every woman can picture to herself the heartening effect the little "cheep-cheep" from the covered basket or box beside the fire will have upon the sad French woman who is beginning life over again, and she may well be glad that she has placed the wee comforters there.

Let's all do it.

## WHY NOT WOMEN AT THE PEACE BOARD?



# Our Housekeeping Exchange

Conducted by Helen Hopkins



**THE OLD BROOM** has apparently outlived its usefulness, but saw off the handle eight inches from the broom, bore a hole in one of the back steps and insert the eight-inch stub; then trim the broom off square and you have an exceedingly satisfactory scraper for muddy boots and shoes.—E. M. M., McDonough, New York.

**HALF THE LABOR OF SHOVELING SNOW** may be avoided by applying a thin coat of coarse grease to both sides of the shovel, whether of wood or of metal. Renew coating occasionally.—I. B., New Haven, Connecticut.

**THE DELICATE CURLED LEAVES** of any head of lettuce will separate easily if the core is first removed with a sharp knife and water from the faucet then allowed to run into the opening.—H. M., Washington, D. C.

**BEFORE WASHING SWEATERS**, always sew up the buttonholes. This prevents them from stretching out of shape.—Mrs. C. H. W., Concord, New Hampshire.

**AN ENTIRE CAN OF PIMENTOS** is seldom used at one meal. To save what is left, empty it into a granite vessel and cook a few minutes in its liquor, adding a pinch of salt; when cold place in a tumbler, cover and keep in a cool place.—M. E. H., Wabash, Indiana.

**A WHEEL CHAIR** for an invalid is made by buying four castors attached to rubber sockets into which the legs of an ordinary chair are slipped.—M. A. F., Tenaflly, New Jersey.

**FRENCH DRESSING** will have a pleasant flavor if a whole onion is kept in the jar in which the dressing is mixed. I make half a pint at a time and leave the onion in until the dressing is used.—G. T., Tampa, Florida.

**MAGAZINES NO LONGER ACCUMULATE** and overflow my rack since the members of my family agreed to put their initials in the upper corner of each magazine read. A glance tells me which to discard.—A. R., Swampscott, Massachusetts.

We want your best suggestions for saving time, money and strength in housework of all kinds. We will pay one dollar for each available contribution. Ideas not original with the sender cannot be accepted. Unaccepted manuscripts will be returned if an addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Address Housekeeping Exchange, McCall's Magazine, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York.

**AFTER CORING AN APPLE FOR BAKING**, cut off a small part of the core and stick it back into the bottom of the hole before pouring in the sugar. This will hold the sugar in the apple and prevent waste.—M. G., Chicago, Illinois.

**WORN SIDE-COMBS**, which have become dull through repeated washings, will take a new lease on life if nail polish is rubbed carefully over every part, followed by an application of the buffer. The combs will retain their lustre.—B. L., Carpenter, Minnesota.

**RUBBER HOT-WATER BOTTLES** past the mending stage make excellent mats to prevent flower pots from spoiling a varnished surface.—E. M. S., Uniondale, Pennsylvania.

**YOU CAN TURN A MATTRESS EASILY** if two strips of ticking about two inches wide and six inches long are sewed on each side.—Mrs. E. O. H., Winthrop, Minnesota.

**A CONVENIENT LAUNDRY BAG** is made the size of a pillow slip with an opening from the center of one side to the top of the bag. Insert a clothes-hanger and the bag can be hung on the door knob.—Mrs. E. O. H., Winthrop, Minnesota.

**YARN AND SILK TOGETHER**, when threaded through the darning-needle, make the mended place in the stocking neater and stronger.—F. M. H., Clutier, Iowa.

**A SMALL WAD OF STEEL WOOL**, bound around the head of a clothespin with a rubber band, exactly fits the curves of maul-tins and makes it very easy to clean them.—Mrs. H. H., Scranton, Pennsylvania.

**SAVE PICTURE POST-CARDS**, glue two of them together with the pictures outside, cut into irregular pieces and place in envelopes. They make excellent puzzles for a rainy day.—R. B., New London, Ohio.

**AN EXCELLENT CLEANSER FOR WHITE IVORY TOILET ARTICLES** is the ordinary silver polish. Put a little on a wet cloth and wipe over the articles: polish with a soft, dry cloth.—M. G., Chicago, Illinois.

## Ambassadors to France

[Continued from page 8]

as they grow well and strong, how to equip themselves for self-support.

From the child-saving dispensary of Alcazar, a worker writes home something of this kind:

"A young poulu has just come in, holding by the hand a little boy of six. The child was bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked, but beginning to cough ominously. He had been lodged with a consumptive uncle and an eighty-year-old grandfather, while his father was at the front. The poulu had just come from the hospital and was on his way back to the front. In a sudden fit of discouragement, he had been about to jump with the little boy into the Seine from a bridge above the Alcazar. We arranged for the child's safe-keeping, and the father said, with wet eyes, 'Now I can go back to fight

with a quiet heart!' He took the child in his arms, pressed him close and said: 'Tu seras sage, mon petit, tu sais, ton pere t'aime'—and was gone. Thank heaven there are places where that child and his many lonely fellows can be saved for France!"

France will have gained little if she wins the war and loses her children. But with every energy bent toward winning battles, she has been able to give little attention to the needs of the hundreds of half-fed, ill-clad, orphaned children swarming into Paris in the refugee trains, or eking out a precarious existence in the devastated country districts. America has already answered the silent appeal of the French children in lavish measure, but her help must go deeper, must reach forward to the future. By saving the children, we save France.



Resolved  
To save  
time this  
year sure

## My Gold Dust Resolutions for 1919

**I will save soap.** I will use in my housework a tablespoonful of economical Gold Dust instead.

**I will save energy.** Because Gold Dust takes away the dragging drudgery of housework.

**I will save my hands.** I will rinse, dry and rub them whenever I have had them in soapy water.

**I will save time in both big tasks and little tasks.** For Gold Dust, though gentle, is the quickest of cleansers.

For  
tidy Baby's  
High Chair

For  
radiant,  
shining  
Mirrors

For  
fresh, clean  
Brooms

For  
Carpet-sweeper  
cleansing

For  
freshening  
Rag Rugs

For  
cloudless  
Fish Bowls

For  
modern, quick  
Dishwashing

For  
sanitary  
Garbage Cans

For  
shining,  
spotless  
Trays

For  
sparkling,  
clean  
Bathroom

For  
crystal-clear  
Windows

For  
Coffee Pot  
freshness

For  
sanitary  
Milk Bottles

For  
'stuck-up'  
Graters

For  
Drain-pipe  
rinsing

For  
Percolator  
cleaning

For  
greaseless  
Kitchen Chairs

For  
quick  
Silver-cleaning



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**No capital needed:** Women of refinement who have never worked before are our most successful representatives. Last season over 1000 wholly inexperienced women started with us every one made money—many made big money!

**Start early!** The earlier you start, the more money you make! Send today for our book, "How You Can Make Big Money," and our proposition and actual samples. Don't postpone writing. Begin right now to be financially independent. **Schwartz Importers, Inc., Old Swiss Firm, Established 28 Years, Dept. O, 424 West 31st St., New York.**

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Each season we import from Switzerland embroidered robes and skirt patterns to be made up into gowns, waists and children's dresses. Wonderful, original, attractive designs in every possible color on the latest fashions. Prices from \$1.95 to \$2.95. These with over 400 beautiful dress materials—in fact, all the desirable materials in the dry goods line—are sold direct by our special representatives.

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**Easy to sell—Miss Laughlin says:** "I can go into a house and sell

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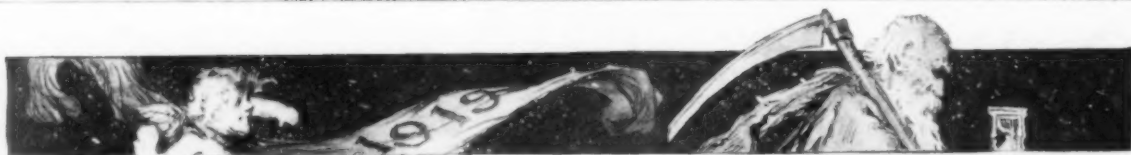
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## John William's Diary

(Continued from page 51)

old either to help in a hospital or drive a wagon or something.

I have got my eye on another job that a man is going to quit pretty soon. He is going to war and I will get it then.

November 17.—I went down to see the man that drives the wagon that is going to war. He does not see why I could not have it. My daughter had her sewing circle here. They make things for the Red Cross. I thought maybe they would have something passed around even if they did not set up to the table. But they did not. They just sewed and then went home to get supper. Mattie always had something to eat when she had the sewing circle for the heathen.

I am going to read two chapters to-night.

Nov. 18.—Sunday this is. I went to church. Peters was not working to-day. I will read three chapters to-night.

Nov. 19.—I went down to see that man that drives the wagon that is going to war. He is going next Tuesday. I think I will like the job. It ain't nothing but driving a horse and I have been used to horses all my life. I am kind of in a hurry for him to go.

My grandson knows somebody that knows somebody that knows about me working at the shoveling coal, so my daughter knows it now. I do not care what they say.

Nov. 20.—I did not do nothing but set to-day. I will read now, and then go to bed. I was real put out to-day with them folks that lives next door.

Last night I could not sleep, so I set up in bed and sang songs like I used to do out on the farm, and this morning them folks complained to my daughter that they would like to have that midnight howling stopped. They live too close. A body ain't free in town. I ain't never sung but a few times, but they said they had stood it just as long as they could. Just as if I was yelling and hooping at the top of my lungs and making a lot of racket.

Nov. 21.—I did not do anything but set to-day.

November 22.—I went down to see about the man that drives the wagon job and he had gone already. The man that owns the wagon said that he had spoke to him about me and that I could have the job. I will go and stay with Peters all day to-morrow and take a lunch.

Nov. 26.—I ain't wrote any for a few days on account of not feeling well. I am all bandaged around my ribs, etc. Driving horses in a town is not like driving a plow or down to the village. The otos and street cars is so many that a fellow gets kind of confused even if he is used to driving horses.

My son-in-law told all the people that was hurt that he would pay the damages, but I guess I am not any charity. I will pay for them myself if the people that got in my way are so mean as to want money. The man that owns the horse and wagon is not a good man. He cusses something awful.

The fool man that drives the ambulance run it right up to the door. It was a great shock to my daughter. She was real poorly for a spell. But I was just bruised a little. Thanksgiving day. I was supposed to set around and give thanks for being able to set around.

Nov. 29.—I just set to-day. I'm plumb wore out resting.

Nov. 30.—I went down to see Peters to-day and I showed him what I cut out of the paper. I am going over to see her or write to her or something. Of course Mattie will always be first, but if this one is alright I could go back to the farm and live and the children would not be afraid to have me be alone.

Peters ain't got very good sense sometimes.

December one.—I did not get a chance to go over to see her to-day on account of having company. I am going over to-morrow if she answers. I wrote her a letter. She lives right here in this town. I told her that I am not as old as my children think I am and that I have got some money and property. I am going to get her answer at the gen. del. window to-morrow.

I am real nervous to-night for some reason. I do not feel like reading to-night. I suppose the folks next door would have fits if I sang a little. I will be glad to get back to the farm. I guess I will play soli-

tary for awhile till I get sleepy. I wonder if she is good looking.

December the two.—I went over to see her this afternoon. She is not very old. She is not more than fifty I guess. She asked me about my property real careful like, and I told her. A poor lone woman has to be careful, like she says. I stayed to dinner. She seems to like me, but I do not care much for that kind of green eyes. I guess I got too used to Mattie's brown ones. A body can't have everything.

Dec. 3.—I went over to see Mrs. Clapp again. She is getting real fond of me. She made me some liver and onions. I do not know about going to war. I will have to stay at home if I marry Mrs. Clapp, I suppose. I just wish I knew what to do. With her, I can go back to the farm, but then I can't go to war and I hate to have any other man fighting my battles when I am strong as I am. It ain't manly.

One of my son's daughters is going to war to-morrow. She is a trained nurse and is going right into the fighting.

Dec. the 5.—I went down town to buy Christmas presents. I saw some Christmas trees in a store just like the ones that fringe round the side fence out to the farm. The smell of them made me so homesick that I could of blubbered right out there on the street.

Mrs. Clapp and me are going to be married next week.

December fifteenth.—Well I been pretty busy since I wrote last. My granddaughter, Alice, her young man was ordered to go to France and they thought they had better get married first. So they hurried up and had a wedding. Me and some men fixed a bower in the living room and strung wires for flowers to drip off of and a lot of other things.

The young man brought some young soldiers with him. They look fine but I don't really think they compare with the civil war boys. Men ain't what they used to be. Besides their brown uniforms ain't so pretty as the blue ones was. The boy is real nice and called me grandpa the first time.

The wedding was real pretty. Long strings of pretty girls and soldiers brung in the bride with flowers and ribbons and everything. The groom got in by himself by the side door. And he looked like he was the one that needed the help, too. He was kind of white around the gills. We had good things to eat and a good time.

I kind of wish I was young again and dressed up in a uniform and could go across when they do. I will go down to see Peters to-morrow. I have got to go over and see Mrs. Clapp, too. I have got to tell her that I am not going to get married, I am going to war.

December 16.—I went down to see Peters. He is ready to go when I do. He thinks the marine corps is what we want. He would like to be a sailor and the marine corps gets sailing and fighting, too. I would like to do that, too. Peters has a wife but he says she can live with his son who has only a few children. We will start right after Christmas. But I don't see how I am going to be able to set and rest until then. It is a long time.

January the eight.—A mighty lot has happened since I wrote last. I do not need my diary anymore to let off steam but I will finish what I begun.

First.—I could not stand it just to set around and enjoy myself until we could get away to war. I got me a job as night watchman. It was a good job. I sneaked a lunch out of the kitchen and said I was tired and went to bed early nights and got out of the side door. In the mornings I come in bold, and the woman that works in the kitchen did not ask questions because I always been the first one up here, and been around in and out.

I done that four nights and I was real happy. Then one night the wind took my hat off my head and took it out in the river and it stuck on a piece of driftwood and that same night my daughter got nosey and meddled into other folks affairs and went into my room to see if I was sick. She worried because I slept most all day and went to bed so early nights. Of course I was not there.

She thought I might of gone out for a walk and set up for me. When I did not come in by twelve o'clock she called my son-in-law and all the others in the house and

they looked for me and finally got out the police. I did not see any body when I come back that morning and that was why.

Then they found my hat on the stick in the river and they thought I was drowned. They dragged the river for my body all day long. I have to laugh to think of them crying and wringing their hands because the old man was dead in the cold, cold water, and all the time the old man was right in his bed with the covers pulled up over his head and snoring away like sixty.

About four o'clock I was woke by a procession that come stringing into my room to mourn over my old coat I guess. I sat up in bed, with my night cap tassels dangling into my eye, and asked them what in sam hill was the matter. They liked to fainted, the whole lot of them.

It was funny. I have to laugh to think of it, but I did not then, for I was put out with them. Then the papers come out with a big write-up all about me, and my picture and life history and my son-in-law's and daughter's, etc., and my daughter had hysterics and had to have the doctor.

Then right on top of that, as tho I had not had enough with having to give up my night watchman job, that woman, Mrs. Clapp bobbed up mean. I ought to of known that them color eyes ain't good.

What did she do but go to my son-in-law and daughter and tell them that she was going to sue me for breach of promise of marriage. I told them when they asked me about it that I was not going to marry her, for I was going to do something else, and besides she was not a lady, and besides I would not never of that of marrying her but I was just so wore out resting and enjoying myself, and with her I could go back to the farm. My son-in-law said Oh, is that it. And I said yes, sir, that is it.

They telegraphed for my son, John William, Jr., to come quick and he come, and Mrs. Clapp come over to see him and she said she was going to tell the papers about it, which was mad about me not being drowned anyway and would make the family a laughing stock. And she let out about me and Peters going to war right after Christmas.

They talked to her and she went away after she had signed a paper. She is a wicked, designing woman. She thought I was rich and would not live very long. She was after money all the time.

When they asked me about going to war I said yes, sir, and I am going. I am free and white and twenty-one and I am going. My son said of course Pa we would not think of trying to stop you. You are old enough to have a mind of your own. I said yes, sir. My son is real sensible even if he ain't very old.

The next day my son and me talked for a long time. He said he was proud of me and that he knew of course that his father would do all he could for his country in time of need. He said that men of all trades was needed in the army and some of them could work best at home. He said that it is really the farmers that will win the war because the nation that has the biggest food supply is the one that hangs on longest. He said that there are so many men that do not know how to farm that the govt. is asking everybody that knows how to stay at home and be the industrial army.

While he was talking I got an idea that was a good one. Finally I told him about it. He did not think very much of it at first and I had to argue with him. He said if Peters and his wife went along it might be alright, but he was not sure. The more he was not sure the more I was, and I told him so.

He called in my son-in-law and my daughter and told them what I had thought of. They did not seem to be very sure either. But I talked to them and I said as I thought it was the only thing to do was to get back to the farm and have Peters and his wife live with me and raise crops.

Finally I got them to my way of thinking, and they got Peters and his wife here and talked with them. Mrs. Peters is a very fine woman and said she was willing, and Peters has always wanted to live on a farm, and so it is all fixed up, and we are all going there to-morrow.

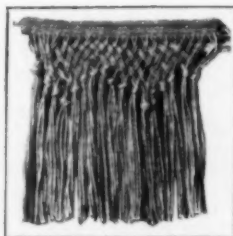
I am very glad that I am going to get back on the farm. There is lots of time to rest on a farm without wearing a body's self out doing it.

**KEEP ON SAVING FOOD FOR HUNGRY EUROPE!**



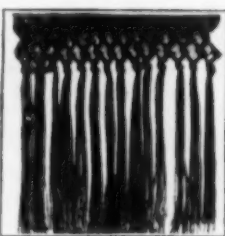
# New Fringes and Edges

By Elisabeth May Blondel

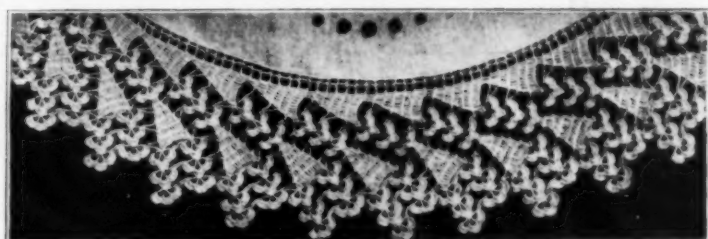


Fringe in zig-zag knotting

Editor's Note.—Directions and file block patterns for making all these edges, insertions, and fringes are printed on one leaflet, No. FW. 109. This can be obtained for 10 cents. With your request enclose a stamped envelope for reply. Send money in stamps or money order to The McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City, N. Y.



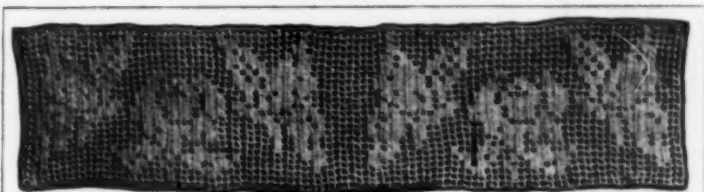
Fringe in plain knotting



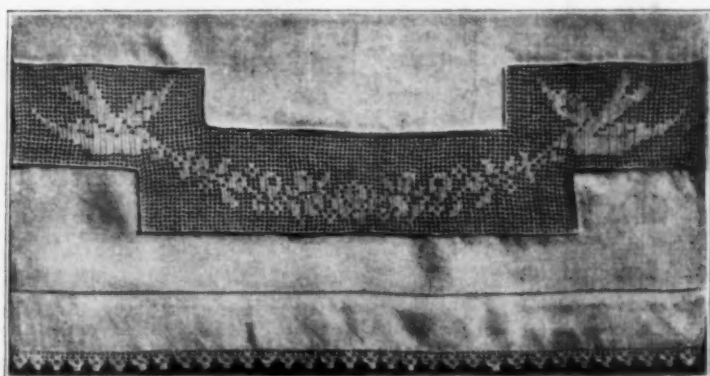
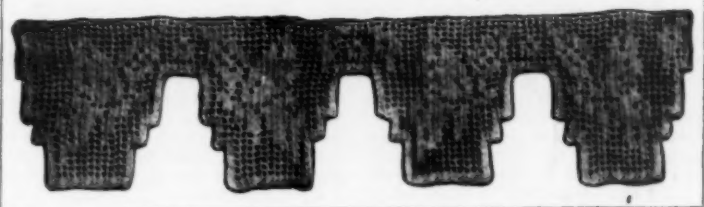
A 6-inch circular edge for a centerpiece that is effective and easy to crochet



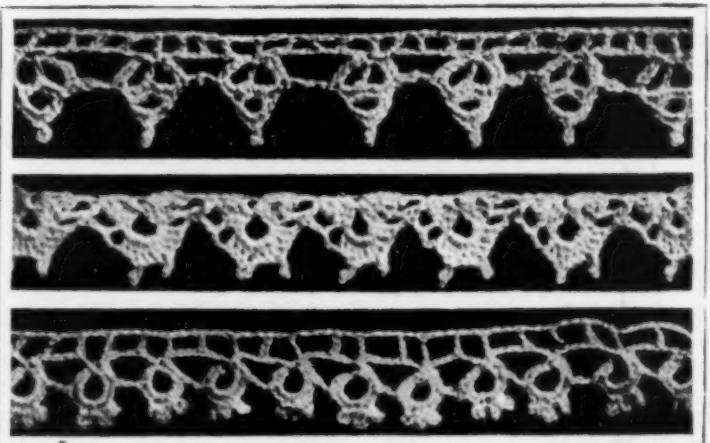
Plain tuck-and-braid, dressed up a bit, makes a useful 1-inch edge



A rose-butterfly design, charming for household linens—band and edge in 3-inch size



One's artistic sense is thoroughly pleased by this towel designed by Miss F. W. Foulks



Three narrow crochet edges, bewitchingly dainty for finishing underwear, collars, cuffs, tea napkins, etc.

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That Puffed Grains Are Shot From Guns



Thus they are steam exploded. Every food cell is blasted. More than 100 million steam explosions occur in every kernel.

The boys want to taste those Puffed Grains. And one taste reveals a new delight which no boy wants to forfeit.

## We Tell Girls

That these are bubble grains, airy, flaky, toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. And they taste like toasted nut meats.



Then girls urge their mothers to try them, and meals gain a new fascination.

## We Tell Mothers

That the object of this process—Prof. Anderson's process—is to make whole grains wholly digestible.

With every food cell broken, digestion is easy and complete. Every atom of the whole grain feeds.



At any hour—at meals or between meals—these ideal grain foods do not tax the stomach.

And mothers are glad that such healthful foods are also so enticing.

**Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains—Each 15c Except in Far West

### How to Serve

With cream and sugar. With melted butter. In bowls of milk. In soups. Like salted peanuts for children between meals. Mixed with fruits. As a nut-like garnish on ice cream.



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Sole Makers

(2045)

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My, how good that Musterole feels when you rub it in gently over that lame back and those sore muscles. First you feel the gentle tingle, then the delightful, soothing coolness that reaches in the twinging joints or stiff, sore muscles.

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And Musterole usually brings the relief while you are rubbing it on. Always keep a jar handy. Many doctors and nurses recommend Musterole.

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ARMAGEDDON PUBLISHERS, INC., 141 Broadway, N. Y.

## A Real Live Paper Circus

By Mary Hoxie

THIS is a brand new game. It will cure sulks caused by taking Sadie to Grandma's and leaving Charlie at home. Moreover, it is very good for such things as measles and mumps.

It should be played where a stove, a fireplace or something throws plenty of heat. The things needed are scissors, some illustrated papers or magazine advertisements from which pictures may be cut, and pencil and paper for drawing. The paper must be light weight. You will need also a sheet of wrapping paper or any coarse heavy paper two feet square or larger.

First draw any animals you like on the light paper. If you don't like to draw, select some from your magazine and cut them out. Cut out some ladies and gentlemen, too, and choose ladies that will make pretty dancers. No picture should measure more than four inches.

Dry and warm the cut-out pictures by the fire and lay them flat on a dry warm table. Now hold your coarse paper close to the fire until it is very dry and hot. Be careful not to scorch it. I forgot to tell you that you, or whoever is playing with you, must wear a dress or coat with sleeves of a wool material. Whoever wears the wool sleeves is the "circus man." Now let the circus man dry and warm his sleeve by



the fire. Next, he is to hold his arm close to his side and draw the piece of wrapping

paper between his arm and side many times very fast, always rubbing the same way. Then, as quickly as he can, he is to hold the paper flat about a foot above the cut-out pictures and raise and lower the paper slowly over the "performers." You will see the pictures come to life and perform.

What will they do? Anything and everything. The beauty of it is you never can tell what stunt they will do next. The elephant will stand on his head, but he is just as likely to stand on his tail. The clown is apt to ride the giraffe upside down. Sometimes there will be a wonderful pile of men and animals, perhaps with Yusef, the great and only trained rhinoceros, on top. If you make a lot of birds and butterflies and have them small enough, they will fly up and perch on the paper over them. You can tell by trying what size to make them. Do not make the elephant the same size, or he will fly, too! You might make a baby elephant and have the only flying elephant known to man.

You should keep the coarse paper always moving, and when the creatures show signs of being tired, take it away and let them lie down and rest while you heat and rub it again. If the trick doesn't work the first time, try it again; I never knew it to fail if everything was dry and warm enough.

## Redressing Old Floors

By Clara L. Thomas

DO you know," said I, "I believe it's the dark old floors that make the house seem so gloomy." So we sat down on the couch in the living-room and considered the floor question.

It was just time for spring housecleaning, and we were in that enthusiastic renovating mood that glories in problems of paint, varnish and a general doing-over.

This particular problem was soul-satisfying. The floors, of Georgia pine, had been varnished and waxed again and again for ten or more years, and had grown so dark they were almost chocolate colored.

The next morning early I was on my knees applying a varnish remover. I began in a bay window where there had been very little wear, and the "remover" worked wonderfully. Then I tried another square yard or two. Alas! the magic had fled. I found I had to labor for every clean inch. To cut the story short, I spent the entire day, a gallon of "remover," and too much energy, and ended by doing considerable scraping with pieces of broken glass.

The result was good, the boards looked like new, but oh, such work! The worst of it was that, having started, I had to finish the job, for there were three adjoining rooms and a hall with archways between and no thresholds.

As we rested from our labors that evening and "wearily thought of the morrow," we made up our minds that there must be an easier way. We worked as hard with our brains as we had during the day with our hands, with the result that the next day found two of us happily engaged in the messiest task ever. Our floors were in an advanced stage, but we did them over with much success.

We made a strong mixture of sal soda and water, using a quart of the soda to two quarts of water. When it was boiling hot, we applied it with a swab to the entire floor of one room.

After experimenting we found that we must let it remain for over an hour to be most effective. At the end of that time, the many coats of varnish were reduced to a thick jelly. This we washed up with hot water, adding a tablespoonful of soap powder to each pail of water. The water had to be changed for every two square yards. It was sloppy work, but we wore hopelessly old clothes. To save our knees we dragged back pillows from the discard heap, and knelt upon them while we scrubbed and scraped.

still adhered, as we discovered when the boards were quite dry. These places we swabbed again with the hot solution, letting it stay on for an hour or so. Then we washed up as before. A few stubborn spots that yet remained we scraped with broken glass. Our efforts were well rewarded when we saw our floors looking almost like new. To think that we had been able to bring about such a refreshing change without any outside help!

When the boards were thoroughly dry, we took coarse flannel cloths and smeared the floors with a thin coat of floor wax. With a weighted polishing brush we gave the final finish, and a smooth satiny surface resulted. Some of the more worn places needed a second coat of wax and a second polishing.

THE whole house looked much better. Our old rugs and furniture were set off to advantage by the fresh, light floors, and we were proud to know that they had cost so very little.

I think that floors of a harder wood, especially if they have only a few coats of varnish, could be very easily cleaned.

## Helps for the Home Laundry

By Edith Allen and Jenoise Brown Short

POOR laundry work shortens the life of clothing.

Two young women who purchased a dozen new handkerchiefs each, jokingly remarked that they would see how many were left at the end of one year. When they took account of stock, they were impressed, not by the number that each had managed to keep, but by the state of the handkerchiefs. One set of handkerchiefs had been laundered at home under the supervision of the mother of the family, who was an excellent manager. All the handkerchiefs so laundered were in good enough condition to last one or two years longer; of the other set, there was not one free from tears or tiny holes. They were too bad to use. The laundress who had done the work had taken no thought but to get the clothes clean enough to satisfy her customers.

The clothing that had been worn out in the laundry before its allotted time had not been rinsed properly. Strong bleaching agents had been used to whiten the garments, which were turning gray from insufficient rinsing. Besides this, they had also turned gray and yellow from being blued while soap still remained in the cloth. When ironed, clothes with soap and bluing in them will turn yellow, because the heat of the iron combines the bluing with the soap, and this changes the bluing to a dirty yellow color.

If they are to be kept in good condition, clothes should be washed in this way:

Soak all white clothes overnight in warm water, after all stains that cannot be removed by washing have been taken out. This soaking removes much dirt and the bluing used the last time they were washed.

In the morning, wring the clothes out of this water, and put them into the washing machine with plenty of clean, hot, soapy water. Run the washing machine for a few minutes.

Wring out the clothes from the washing machine, noting any pieces that are especially soiled, such as neckbands and edges of cuffs. Rub these until clean.

Put the clothes into a boiler of hot soapy water, and boil for fifteen minutes to sterilize and give them a clean smell.

Remove the clothes from the boiler, letting as much water as will, drain from them as you lift them out.

Put them into a tubful of clear hot water, and remove as much soap as possible.

Rinse again in clear cold water. Use enough water in the hot rinse and this first cold rinse to remove all soap.

Give a final rinsing in another tubful of clear cold water, to which a little bluing has been added.

Hang on a clean line, with fresh clothespins, in an airy place where the sun can shine on the white clothes. Put the colored

garments in a shady place.

There is no need for strong bleaching agents to whiten clothes that have been properly laun-

dered. When it is necessary to use strong washing soda or lye to soften hard water, the water must stand for a while after the lye is added. After it has settled, strain out the precipitate which the lye forms with the minerals in the water. If the water is not allowed to stand, and is not strained, this precipitate will become entangled in the fiber of the clothes, and in time will rot them and turn them gray. Be sure your bluing is a kind that can not be decomposed by lye or soap. Bluing which is not changed by soap is occasionally affected by acids and makes bright blue stains which are difficult to remove. To insure good results use aniline blue.

### CAUTIONS

REMOVE all bluing from clothes before putting them into soapy water.

Use plenty of clean water in washing. Boil the clothes to sterilize them. Fifteen minutes should be enough.

Always wring the clothes as dry as possible before putting them into the next water. This removes much dirt and soap.

Rinse thoroughly before adding bluing. Rinse thoroughly when not using bluing, as soap left on the cloth rots it and turns it gray.

Always strain the sediment from water which has been softened.



# Chins and Sky-Lines

By

Annette Beacon



No need to dread this nightmare if you will teach your chin good habits

by not bringing the head back to first position after bending it backward, but, instead, turning it as far as possible to the right, then to the left, keeping the under jaw well thrust out and the muscles taut. Repeat five to ten times.

Do not use hot water on the chin, except very occasionally, because it is a potent inducement to relaxation, and relaxation and chin muscles must have nothing to say to each other.

Use first, always, cold cream smeared on quite heavily and wiped off with tiny flannel squares. This will remove the surface dust, but be sure the cold cream itself comes off as well. Then use a soft cloth and tepid water without soap, and finally cold water.

The heavy sagging chin needs artificial support at night to teach it good manners. Strips of adhesive plaster make an effective support. Get the inch-wide plaster and cut, first, a strip big enough to go under the point of the chin from one side of the under jaw to the other. Holding an end in each hand, lay the adhesive side under the tip of the chin, and stretching the strip of plaster to the utmost, fasten it firmly over each edge of the under jaw. Take another strip of plaster and lay it just back of the first, raising up any drooping muscles firmly into their proper place, and fastening as you did the first. Three to four strips so applied will do the deed.

In the morning, dampen the chin casing generously with water or alcohol, until it is loosened, then gently pull it off. Repeat every night, and in the daytime exercise and adopt a proper elevation of the chin. Rubber chin bandages can be purchased at any beauty shop, to take the place of the adhesive plaster casing, or you can make such a bandage at home by cutting a piece of rubber cloth four inches wide and six inches long, sewing a tape to each of

**W**HAT do you see when you go scurrying forth on a shopping errand? People's faces, and the crowded street crossings, and a glittering shop window or two?

Then I am tempted to turn into a fortune teller and prophesy: "Trouble will cross your path—and you will have a double chin!"

The chin is the first part of the body to show either age or lack of care—and a double chin means one of the two.

In youth every muscle of the body is exercised, the chin included; therefore the muscles are left firm and strong. As we grow older, our movements are more restrained, and while arms and legs get a fair share of exercise, the chin sinks into absolute inactivity. There being thus nothing to exercise the muscles supporting it, they grow flabby and begin to sag. The only way to avoid this ultimate disaster is to keep the chin muscles firm by use, by exercise, and, where necessary, by harmless artificial aids.

By use, I said. If you persist in letting your chin acquire the habit of drooping down or drawing in, your double chin is doubly assured. That is why, if you see only shop-windows and people's faces when you walk abroad, the fattest of double chins awaits you.

Try a new habit for your chin when it goes a-walking. Watch the sky-line, not the pavement. If you are tramping along a country road, look above the tops of the trees, or off to the sunset, or away to the hills. To do this, your chin must poise itself with independence and alertness, and your muscles will not be left relaxed and idle.

Neither should you allow your chin muscles to grow lazy indoors. Make them work by holding your chin slightly up and slightly out, being careful to avoid any straining for effect. With a hand-glass, note the difference in your profile with the chin dropped and raised. You will need no further argument to convince you.

If your bad chin habits are of long standing, you must have special exercises to strengthen the weakened muscles. These are quite simple, but must be practised twice or three times daily for from five to ten minutes. It is better to take them standing.

The proper standing position for all exercises is with heels together, chest raised, shoulders dropped, the weight of the body on the balls of the feet. So standing, extend the chin forward, stretching its muscles, then slowly throw the head back, keeping the chin muscles always stretched upwards. Bring the head back quickly to original position, then push out chin again, stretch muscles, and throw the head gradually back until it is as far as it will go. After several repetitions of this, vary the exercise



its four corners; then, with strong thread, gathering the center of each of the two longer sides for about two inches, and drawing the thread tight. At night, place the chin in the center of this bandage.

Draw the tapes at the two lower edges of the strip to the top of the head and tie, the tapes at the two upper edges to the back of the head and tie. The bandage should lie tight and firm. It will make the skin perspire. In the morning, after removing the bandage, bathe neck and chin with a good astringent lotion to keep the skin contracted and firm.

And, whatever you do, if your chin shows signs of doubling upon itself, never wear a high collar. It simply accentuates the defect.

**TWO Beauty Booklets indispensable to the woman who cares: "The Care of the Skin and Hands"; "Care of Figure, Hair, Teeth, and Eyes." Price, 10 cents each. Address Beauty Department, care of McCall Company, 236-250 West 37th Street, New York City.**

# A Vastly Better Way To Brush Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



Millions of people find that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. It is evident that old-time methods do not give adequate protection.

As every dentist knows, the reason lies in a film. In that slimy, clinging, ever present film. It gets into crevices and stays, and resists the tooth brush. That is the tooth destroyer.

That film is what discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds food which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are due to the film.

Scientific men have long sought a way to end that film. And one man now has found it.

The way is called Pepsodent—a tooth paste based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter.

The purpose is to dissolve the film, then prevent its accumulation.

## Watch Its Effects

Pepsin must be activated, else it is inert. The usual method is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred.

But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. That discovery makes possible these Pepsodent results.

After three years of clinical tests we now offer it to users. Able authorities have proved its results thousands of times over. Now we ask you to prove them in your home.

Send the coupon with 10 cents for a special trial tube. Use it like any tooth paste, then watch the results. Note how clean your teeth feel after using. Note how they whiten as the fixed film disappears.

You will see in a short time that Pepsodent means cleaner, safer teeth. It will be a revelation. You will want those good results continued, we believe.

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# THE M'CALL FOOD BUREAU

FOOD IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT



**Y**OU have probably wondered more than once, "How can our committee" (of course you are a member of one) "make money for The Fund?" Here is a solution for you—a plan for a whole supper from "soup to nuts."

Before you have time to exclaim, "A supper! They're always such work!" read this account of the way in which it can be done for a large number of persons with real success. The details of this plan were worked out by actual experiments in serving.

Organization, of course, is essential. You must have a Supper Chairman, and she must appoint two committees, one for the supervision of the serving of the food, the other for the purchasing and preparation of the food itself.

The cafeteria form of service is by far the best. Since places like the church basement, where most often "Swell the Fund" suppers are given, have only one door from the kitchen to the serving room, these plans have been made with that in mind.

The placing of tables to hold the different foods, must receive careful attention. Have two counters, one on either side of the room. Near the door to the kitchen, arrange a long table where the hot things can be served. This table with the two counters forms a U. Dress up little tables, placed at convenient distances between the counters, with flags and evergreens. Around these, guests can make up congenial parties. At the foot of each counter on which the individual trays, silver, and paper napkins have been put, station girls who can easily manipulate figures, as well as look pretty. They are the cashiers.

The paper napkins play a double rôle. Besides being "just napkins," they act as doilies when placed on the tray. As an adroit measure, let one girl supervise the distribution of the trays, and the silver stacked in piles beside them. Put the water tank and glasses on a table near the center.

Now for the real food! Next to the trays, arrange the bread, muffins or biscuits on small plates with the butter, then the cold foods, such as salads and desserts, each on individual plates. At the end of the table serve the hot dishes and the beverage, as this table is nearest the kitchen. Unless the facilities are unusually good, you should not try to have more than two hot dishes and the beverage. Serve all hot foods or foods like ice-cream only as they are

## A Swell-the-Fund Supper

By Lilian M. Gunn

Instructor in Foods and Cookery,  
Columbia University

This page has

been approved by the United  
States Food Administration



What more tempting than hot coffee on a winter's night

needed. Pour the beverage into hot cups. Always fill the cup before putting it on the saucer. This doesn't take any longer and it does keep the saucer clean.

Now the stage is set for the guests who will pass along the counters, collecting their food on their trays and selecting a table at which to eat it. Here they will find such things as sugar and cream, salt and pepper. Be sure to have enough waitresses to see that the tables are kept in perfect order, and the soiled dishes removed as soon as emptied.

If the number to be served is small enough, only one counter is necessary. These counters can be easily made by laying boards on wooden horses and covering them with white cloths. The Serving Committee should appoint waitresses to stand behind the counters and keep them filled with the food. Warn the committee to plan carefully so as not to serve all the best food to the first lot of people, but to keep a good reserve stock for the late-comers. If your society does not own an urn for beverages, you can rent one at a small cost. In this, the beverage may be kept hot by means of an alcohol lamp burning solidified alcohol. Only a tiny flame is necessary if the urn is hot when the beverage is poured in.

Pour desserts like jellies and tapioca creams into agate dripping pans to mold, and serve them cut

in squares. In this way every particle may be used and kept in the most attractive condition.

The following recipes were selected as especially usable. They are planned for fifty persons but can be doubled if necessary.

### RECIPES THAT SERVE FIFTY

#### POTATO SALAD

9 quarts potatoes, cut in dice or thin slices  
2 cupfuls celery, cut fine  
3 onions diced  
1 cupful green peppers cut fine or  
½ cupful pimientos drained and cut fine  
5 tablespoonfuls salt  
2 teaspoonfuls pepper  
1 teaspoonful paprika  
2½ cupfuls oil  
1 cupful vinegar

Mix the ingredients and chill. Serve on lettuce or with watercress. For variety, chopped parsley may be added or, in season, 5 medium-sized cucumbers in the place of 1 quart of the potatoes. The celery may be omitted and celery salt used.

#### INDIAN PUDDING

4½ quarts scalded milk  
1½ cupfuls cornmeal  
2½ cupfuls molasses  
4 teaspoonfuls salt  
4 teaspoonfuls ginger

Add the milk slowly to the cornmeal and mix thoroughly to prevent lumps from forming. Cook one-half hour in a double boiler and then add the other ingredients. Pour out into buttered baking-dishes and bake very slowly three hours in a slow oven so that the pudding is cooked through. Slice and serve with cream, plain or whipped.

#### FISH CHOWDER

14 pounds fish (any white fish may be used)  
5 quarts potatoes cut in dice or slices  
6 medium-sized sliced onions  
½ pound salt pork cut in slices  
2½ quarts cold water  
4½ tablespoonfuls salt  
1 teaspoonful pepper  
½ pound butter  
6 quarts scalded milk  
2 quarts boiling water  
Crackers

Skin the fish and cut off the heads and tails. Put these in a kettle and add the cold water, cut the fish from the bones, and add to the kettle with the heads and tails. Bring this slowly to the boiling point and cook slowly for 30 minutes.

Cut the pork in dice and cook until yellow, add the onions and cook 5 minutes. Put the potatoes into a large kettle and add the contents of the saucepan in which the pork and onions have been cooked, strain the fish stock made from the heads, etc., over this and add the boiling water. Cook about ten minutes. Have the fish cut in two-inch pieces, add this to the kettle and cook ten minutes or until the potatoes are soft. Add the scalded milk and the seasonings; last, the butter. Serve with the crackers. The crackers may be soaked in milk before adding to the chowder.

#### WHITE SAUCE (FOR CREAMED POTATOES)

1/3 pound or 2/3 cupful butter or substitute  
1 cupful flour  
2 teaspoonfuls salt  
2 quarts scalded milk  
Pepper if desired

Scald the milk over hot water in a double boiler. Melt the fat and add the flour, stir until smooth. Add the hot milk gradually, stirring all the time. Pour into a double boiler and cook ½ hour, stirring often. Add the salt just before using. This may be used for dishes such as creamed chicken, oysters, salmon, etc. If used for vegetables, less butter may be used, and if used for scalloped dishes decrease the butter and flour.

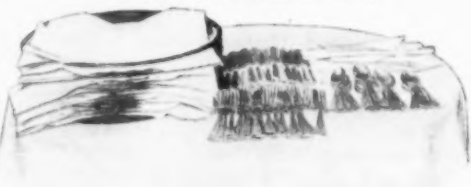
#### COFFEE JELLY

¼ cupful gelatine  
3 cupfuls cold water  
1 quart boiling water  
1 cupful sugar and 1½ cupfuls corn syrup  
3½ quarts coffee (strong)

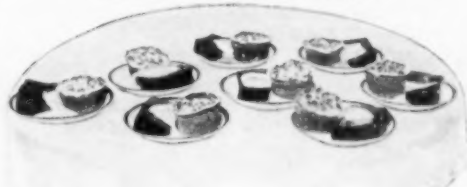
Soak the gelatine in the cold water, add the boiling water and stir until the gelatine is dissolved. Add the sugar and then the coffee. Strain through a cheesecloth before putting in the molds to set. Pour into

[Continued on page 38]

Help yourself! The trays with the silver and napkins are ready



An array of delicious desserts is the climax to a "Welcome All" supper



**D**O you know that those bothersome bottles the dairyman bangs down at your door with such unfailing regularity contain food that is essential to your bodily welfare? Milk is more than a mere auxiliary to your coffee or to the dessert you prepare for supper. It is real food.

There are certain valuable salts in milk which make it an indispensable factor in keeping the body vigorous and wholesome. Your teeth and bones receive their proper allotments of lime if you include milk in your diet. That same milk, because of its high protein value, keeps your blood and muscles in excellent repair. For these reasons milk is particularly good for your children. Their pliant, growing bodies develop much more easily with its aid.

You realize that your own body is changing all the time—tearing down and rebuilding its structural cells, but are you aware that milk furnishes just the right kind of fuel for this ceaseless work? It is not necessary to have whole milk, as even milk with the fat taken off contains the desired elements of nutrition. Save every drop of milk, whether whole, skimmed, or sour. Make your sour milk into delicious cottage cheese, or use it in cooking.

Whole milk is especially desirable for children because of its fat content. You can supply fat in some other way for yourself. Give your little girls and boys a quart of milk every day, until they are at least eight years old. After they have passed

their eighth birthday, give them from one-half to one pint as part of their diet.

Be sure the milk is clean and fresh. If you live in the city, buy it pasteurized from a reliable dairy. In the country see that your cows and milkers are clean and healthy.

With so many ways to use milk you will never be able to say, "I'll drink the stuff, but I'm so tired of it!" Bake it in chocolate, coconut, and other flavored custards, or make delicious sauces and soups. Use it in junket (especially for children), gravies and chowders. Combined with rice, tapioca and corn starch, it makes such good puddings. Sherbets, ice creams, hot chocolate and coco, prime favorites all, require a great deal of milk.



There is as much protein in this quart of milk as in the combined meat, eggs, and bread

When using milk in cookery for custards, cocos, etc., it is best to scald it over hot water and avoid the danger of its boiling over or scorching.

Remember in making junket, a favorite with the children, that the milk must be just warmed and then the dissolved junket added with the sweetening and flavoring; otherwise the junket will not set.

For custards use one cup of milk to one egg and sweeten with corn syrup. In rice puddings only ½ cup of rice to one quart of milk is necessary. Cook this very slowly for a long time

(about two hours) to obtain the best result. For variety, try adding dates with the raisins in rice puddings.

If cornmeal, oatmeal or rice is cooked

in skim milk, a delicious creamy cereal results. Use the same amount of milk as you would water for the first two, but for rice you can well use four or even more cups of milk to one of rice. Cook for an hour in a double boiler.

Milk has gone up in price, like everything else, but do you really think you can afford to do without it when you compare a bottle of milk with the same money-value in meat and eggs? A noted food expert has said that milk, if it reaches 25 cents a quart, is still an economical food. When you consider that there is no waste in milk, doesn't the statement, even without a scientific analysis, seem reasonable? Of how many of the other foods that come into your home every day, can you say the same thing?

Aside from the money and food value of milk, the extensive use of it is a cooperative measure. Our farmers are paying such a big price for feed for their cattle that, unless we consume the milk, a decided decrease in the number of cattle is inevitable. And, though quickly destroyed, a herd is raised but slowly.

If the demand for milk is large enough, the rancher is encouraged to breed cattle in greater numbers, and in so doing, the price of milk, as well as meat, is kept around normal.

Are you and your children going to take this milk suggestion seriously, and mark up "profit" on your health ledger, as well as in the family account book?



# Where Soup Making Is a Science—Not an Art

*Made by Culinary Experts  
College Trained*

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This is how we get them. And this is why the utmost skill can't match them in the ordinary kitchen.

## *The Parisian*

is the connoisseur on soups. Most of our basic recipes have been French chef creations.

A famous chef from the Hotel Ritz in Paris spent years with us, and made most of our basic soups. For each he chose the recipe which Paris voted best.



## *Then Scientists*

In the Van Camp laboratories, set out to perfect them.

They studied each ingredient, and fixed a standard for it.

They added materials. And in each they sought ways to develop the maximum of flavor.

They tested blends—sometimes hundreds of them. Step by step they gave each soup a more delightful tang.

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It takes 23 hours, under one formula, to complete a Van Camp Soup. These scientists are college trained in modern culinary methods. They judge things by analysis. Their methods are exact.

Any soup they perfect can never be approached under any haphazard process.



## *Now Every Home*

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The soup is always the same. Under our exacting process it can never vary. Get a few kinds from your grocer. Compare them with lesser soups. One serving will forever win you to Van Camp's.



# VAN CAMP'S

## SOUPS—18 Kinds

*Prepared in the Van Camp Kitchens at Indianapolis*

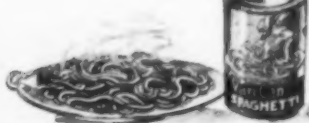
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A famous dish which these experts gave a multiplied delight. It will give you a new conception of baked beans.



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The best Italian recipe, perfected by hundreds of tests. A better dish than Naples ever served.



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A new attainment in this favorite delicacy. The nuts are blended, and the germs are all removed.

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pare and serve  
nourishing meals  
that will prove  
irresistible to the  
fickle appetite of  
the invalid is a  
task worthy of  
the ingenuity of  
the cleverest  
housewife.

The diet  
should, of course,  
be carefully directed by a physician, but  
the serving of the food, which is equally  
important, permits a wide latitude. Half  
the secret of success lies in the element of  
surprise. The arrival of the tray may as  
readily produce a gleam of interest and  
curiosity as the frequent do-I-have-to-eat-  
again groan that comes from the depths of  
so many weary pillows.

A bedside table is a great convenience  
and comes in a variety of styles, but a pil-  
low placed across the patient's lap is not at  
all a bad substitute.

To set the tray, choose the prettiest of  
dishes, and the snowiest of linen. If the  
tray is a fancy one, doilies may be used,  
but, generally, the large trays are plain and  
the covering should just come to the edge.  
A large napkin may be made to fit by fold-  
ing it through the center. Arrange the  
dishes so that everything is as convenient as  
possible. Handles of cups, pitchers, and  
so on, should be turned to the right. Salt  
and pepper may be kept near at hand but  
out of sight, so they will not have to be  
carried back and forth every time. A set  
of dishes made purposely for a tray can be  
purchased, but unless there is a confirmed  
invalid in the house this is an unnecessary  
expense.

Hot food should be served very hot, and  
cold food should be thoroughly chilled. It  
is often a long way from the kitchen to the  
sick-room, and a hot beverage that stands  
uncovered for but a few minutes loses its  
ability to invigorate and satisfy. Leave the  
chilled food in the ice-box until the last  
minute. Cover all hot and cold dishes care-  
fully and allow them to remain so until  
they are wanted. Be careful not to make  
the servings too generous, for the sight of  
a large quantity of food is never tempting to  
a jaded appetite. A fresh flower laid on  
the tray gives a dainty touch and one should  
pay special attention to fancy forms, molds  
and attractive garnishings. A child may  
often be tempted to eat by an unusual ar-  
rangement of the food. In the case of the  
necessary egg, especially, familiarity is apt  
to breed contempt, but even the most lan-  
guid six-year-old will enjoy eating Humpty-  
Dumpty. Eyes, nose, a smiling mouth and  
a choker collar are quickly sketched with a  
soft pencil before the egg is slipped into  
boiling water. A log cabin of sticks of toast  
is a cozy home for a poached egg.

Oatmeal has a different flavor when  
eaten from a small bean-pot. The house-  
wife should be searched for odd dishes and con-  
tainers with which to arouse the child's in-  
stinctive appreciation of a new toy, and al-  
most anything will taste delicious if there is  
"a birdie" at the bottom of the dish.

When serving beverages, straws are very

## TEMPTING THE SICK-A-BED

By  
*Lilian M. Gunn*



If you were ill, wouldn't just a glimpse  
under this snowy napkin invite you?

Invalids need little tempting to eat ice  
cream, but in a flower pot it is irresistible

convenient, as the invalid does not have to  
lift the cup. Of course feeding-cups are  
used for those who are very ill.

Since the tray should always be covered  
when carried from room to room, a tray  
wire to keep the cloth or napkin from the  
food is a great convenience.

### EGG LEMONADE

1 egg 1 tablespoonful sugar  
1 1/3 cupful cold water 2 tablespoonfuls cracked  
1 tablespoonful lemon juice ice

Beat the egg. Mix the sugar, lemon,  
water and ice. Put in a glass and pour in  
the egg, stirring all the time.

### JELLYADE

1 tablespoonful malted milk 1 tablespoonful sour  
2 tablespoonfuls cracked jelly (currant or  
ice grape) 1 cupful cold water

Mix the malted milk with enough cold  
water to make a paste; add the rest of the  
water. Beat the jelly with a silver fork,  
stir in the ice, and combine with the milk.

### ROSE RICE

1/4 cupful of rice 1 cupful of any kind of  
1/4 teaspoonful salt fruit juice left over  
from canning that is  
red in color, such as  
strawberry, raspberry  
or plum

Place the well-washed rice in the top of  
a double boiler; add the salt and fruit juice.  
Cover tightly and cook over hot water until  
the rice has absorbed the juice. Stir gently  
once or twice, with a fork, while cook-  
ing. When the rice is tender, mold in a  
dainty form and serve with cream. This  
may be served hot or cold.

### CHOP A LA HAWAII

Brown a slice  
of canned pine-  
apple in butter;  
have ready a loin  
rib chop boned  
and rolled. Broil  
the chop and lay  
it on the slice of  
pineapple and  
garnish with a  
spray of parsley.

To bone the  
chop, cut care-  
fully and remove  
the meat from  
the bone. Wind  
the tail of the

chop around the eye of meat and fasten  
with a little wooden skewer which must be  
greased before using. Do not forget to re-  
move the skewer after the chop is broiled.

### CREAMED SWEETBREADS

Put the sweetbread into very cold water  
for 3/4 of an hour; then cook slowly 20  
minutes in salted water with a teaspoonful  
of vinegar to 2 cupfuls of water. Put into  
cold water again. This keeps the sweet-  
bread white and firm. Drain and dry and  
break or cut into small pieces. Make a  
white sauce of 1 cupful of milk, 1/2 table-  
spoonful of butter, 1 1/2 tablespoonfuls of  
flour, 1/4 teaspoonful of salt and a very little  
white pepper, and put the sweetbread in  
just long enough to be thoroughly reheated.  
Serve on toast and garnish with toast points  
and a sprig of watercress.

### BEEF A LA SHAMROCK

Chop the round of beef with the meat  
chopper, season and make into little balls  
about the size of large cherries. Heat some  
butter in a small frying-pan, put in the  
balls and keep them rolling until they are  
very hot and brown on the outside. Have  
ready a round piece of toast cut out with a  
biscuit cutter, place the balls in the form of  
a shamrock and garnish with a tiny sprig  
of parsley in the center.

### FLOWERING DAINTY (FOR A CHILD'S TRAY)

Procure a small flower-pot, scrub very  
clean and place a glass or paper cup inside.  
Cover the outside with tissue paper of any  
desired color and tie on with a ribbon. Fill  
the pot with vanilla ice cream and sprinkle  
a tiny bit of coco on the top. Stick a real  
flower in the center. This may be used  
over and over again, changing the color of  
the paper and flower.

### SHREDDED ORANGE

With a very sharp knife remove the  
peel from an orange, commencing at the  
stem end and cutting around and around  
until the pulp is entirely free from even the  
inside skin. Then remove the sections of  
the fruit by cutting down on either side of  
the cellulose partition and carefully taking  
it out. Arrange on a plate like the petals  
of the daisy and put one section cut in two  
in the center.

### COFFEE JUNKET

Dissolve 1/4 junket tablet in 1 teaspoon-  
ful of water. Warm slightly 1 cup of milk,  
stir in 1 teaspoonful of sugar and 2 table-  
spoonfuls of strong coffee, and add the  
junket. Pour into a dainty glass dish and  
do not move until it sets. Great care must  
be taken to have the milk only lukewarm.



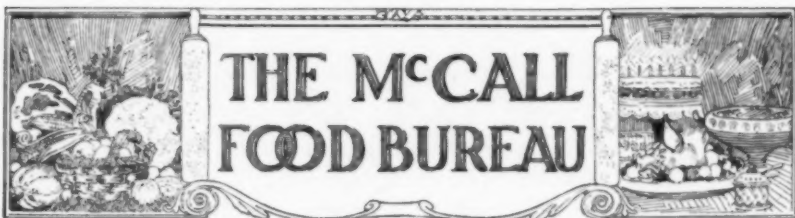
When loin chops have  
passed the sick-room  
censor, here's an allur-  
ing way to fix them,  
Hawaiian fashion, with  
pineapple and parsley.

Another tray, with a  
fresh flower and a  
finished air, to tempt  
the jaded palate

These shredded  
oranges are ready to go  
on this dainty break-  
fast tray for some con-  
valescent



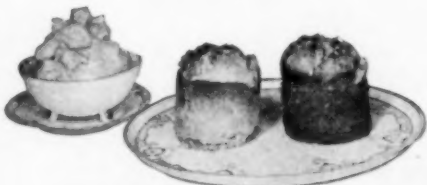




## Stretching Sugar

By Jessamine Chapman Williams

Professor of Home Economics, University of Arizona



Ginger Sponge with Sunshine Sauce

Approved by the United States Food Administration

In times past, we have made cakes that would have been far better with two-thirds or even half the amount of sugar. Most of the frozen desserts in our standard cook books give a larger amount than is needed.

Try your recipe for lemon milk sherbet with just half the amount of sugar called for, and you will like the change. If you are doubtful of your family's approval, reduce the amount by degrees and be sure to add a generous pinch of salt.

By the way, salt proves to be a real sugar reducer. Try a shake of salt on your grapefruit, and in your coffee at breakfast. It is a big help when stewing fruit. Never fail to make use of salt in reducing the amount of sugar in coco, lemonade, and punch.

We old housekeepers used to have a well-defined standard for good bread, cake and pie. Now one must know not only what a good cake used to be, but what a good cake is, under the present conditions. This is what makes cake or pie or bread so much more interesting than ever before. There is the romance in cooking these days. I have never, in all my experience, found the supplying of food for a family of five half as exciting as I am finding it right now.

Among the patriotic desserts which we are enjoying now, the following are our "specials":

**A WHEATLESS AND SUGARLESS WAR PUDDING**  
1 cupful grated raw potato 1/4 teaspoonful cinnamon  
1 cupful grated raw carrot 1/4 cupful mildly flavored molasses  
1 teaspoonful soda 2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch  
1/2 cupful raisins 1/4 cupful chopped nuts

Mix ingredients and steam 2 1/2 hours. Serve with maple sugar hard sauce.

**MAPLE SUGAR HARD SAUCE**  
1/3 cupful oleomargarine  
1 cupful grated maple sugar  
1/2 tablespoonful vanilla  
1 tablespoonful hot milk

Cream the fat and sugar thoroughly. Add flavoring and hot milk slowly to prevent curdling.

**SUGARLESS AND WHEATLESS ROXBURY PUDDING**  
1/3 cupful fat 1/2 cupful milk  
1 cupful white corn syrup 1/2 cupful rice flour  
Nutmeg or cinnamon or vanilla  
1 1/4 cupfuls barley flour  
3 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
Few grains of salt  
4 egg whites

Cream fat and add syrup gradually, beating constantly. Add milk and flour sifted with baking-powder, alternately. Fold in whites of eggs stiffly beaten. Fill oiled baking-powder cans two-thirds full, cover and steam 1 hour. Remove from mold and serve with hot chocolate sauce.

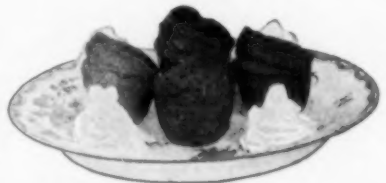
**CONSERVATION HARVARD PUDDING**  
1/3 cupful fat 1/2 cupful milk  
1/2 cupful white corn syrup 3 1/2 teaspoonfuls baking-powder  
2 1/2 cupfuls barley flour 1 egg

Mix fat into sifted dry ingredients as for baking-powder biscuits. Add syrup, beaten egg and milk. Fill oiled tins two-thirds full, cover and steam 2 hours. Serve with apple sauce and hard sauce made of brown sugar and oleomargarine.

[Continued on page 38]



Whipped cream replaces icing on cup cakes of muffin dough



Sugarless Chocolate Pudding in individual molds

Occasionally I make simple cup cakes, reducing the sugar in them one-half. Steam them as individual puddings and serve with a thickened fruit juice, or a maple sugar syrup or maple hard sauce.

We are fond of coconut, and use it frequently in cake and cookie batters. Sprinkled on small cakes, its sweetness considerably reduces the amount of icing necessary. The news that the Government is calling for great quantities of coconut fiber to be used in filling gas masks, gives an added zest to the search for new ways of serving its meat. Frequently I use a tea muffin or a cottage pudding recipe for cup cakes, both of which require much less sugar than cake. When barely cold, the lack of sugar is quite forgotten in the delight of a soft, moist, melt-in-your-mouth texture.

If you cut down the sugar at least one-fourth, no matter what the recipe is, the amount is never missed. My mother's old "Sour Cream Cake" called for 1 1/2 cupfuls sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cupful sour cream, 2 cupfuls flour, 1/2 teaspoonful soda, and nutmeg flavoring. When I made this cake, using 1/4 cupful of vegetable fat, sour milk instead of sour cream, 1 cupful sugar, instead of 1 1/2 cupfuls, 1 egg instead of 2, but 1 level teaspoonful of baking-powder added, with 1 cupful barley flour and 1/2 cupful rice flour in place of all wheat, the result was as fine in every respect as the old-fashioned cake we are all so fond of.



## Don't Buy Food Blindly

Know What Energy You Get

The Government standard for measuring foods is the calory.

We measure food needs by calories. The average man needs 3,000 calories daily. The average woman needs 2,500.

This is what some common foods yield in calories per pound:

### Calories Per Pound

Quaker Oats	1810
Round Steak	890
Leg of Lamb	860
Salt Codfish	325
Perch	275
Oysters	225
Canned Peas	235
Potatoes	295

Comparing cost on the calory basis you find this:

The average cost of meats and fish at this writing is ten times Quaker Oats.

The average mixed diet costs five times Quaker Oats.

Yet Quaker Oats is much the greatest of these foods. It is almost a complete food—almost the ideal diet. Foods which cost ten times as much cannot compare with oats.

## Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Without extra price, you get super-flavor when you ask for Quaker Oats. This brand is flaked from queen grains only—

just the richest, plumpiest oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. No puny and insipid oats are ever mixed in this grade.

Two Sizes: 12c to 13c—30c to 32c—Except in the Far West and South

### Quaker Oats Bread

1 1/2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)  
2 teaspoonfuls salt 1/2 cup sugar  
2 cups boiling water 1 cake yeast  
1/2 cup lukewarm water 5 cups flour  
Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water, let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in 1/2 cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour. Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 55 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast, and a part of the white flour. This recipe makes two loaves.

### Quaker Oats Muffins

1/2 cup Quaker Oats (uncooked), 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls melted butter, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar. Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder, mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

### Quaker Oats Cookies

Mix dry 2 cups Quaker Oats (uncooked), 3 cups flour, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon salt. Mix 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lard. Put 1 level teaspoon soda in a small cup of sour milk. Add this to sugar and lard, then add dry ingredients, roll thin, cut in squares and bake. Raisins—2 cups—make an excellent addition. [2952]

maps on his wall, and he keeps changin' the pins an' flags, an' I hear him mutterin' under his breath. This war's stirred him up somethin' awful."

"Well, who wouldn't it?"

"Oh, I know that; an' I ain't sayin' as how it shouldn't. But that don't make it no easier for Daniel Burton to keep his feelin's hid from his son. There ain't no doubt but that one of the things that's made Daniel Burton so ready ter just fling himself into that ravin' conflict over there, is his unhappiness an' disappointment over Keith. He had such big plans for that boy!"

"Yes, I know. We all have big plans for—our boys." Mrs. McGuire choked and turned away.

"An' girls, too, for that matter," hurried on Susan. "An' speakin' of girls, did you see Hattie Turner on the street last night?"

Dumbly Mrs. McGuire answered with a shake of her head.

"Well, I did. Her Charlie's at Camp Devens, you know. They say he's invited to more places every Sunday than he can possibly accept; an' tended right up to so's he won't get lonesome, or attend unquestionable entertainments. Well, that's all right, but I wish somebody'd take up Charlie Turner's wife an' invite her to Sunday dinners an' take her to ride, an' see that she didn't attend unquestionable entertainments."

"Why, Susan Betts, what an idea!" protested Mrs. McGuire. "Hattie Turner isn't fighting for her country."

"No, but her husband is," retorted Susan crisply. "An' she's fightin' for her honor an' future peace an' happiness, an' she's doin' it all alone. She's pretty as a picture, an' nothin' but a child when he married her four months ago, an' we've took away her natural provider an' entertainer, an' left her nothin' but her freedom for a ballast wheel. An' I say I wish some of them patriotic people who are just showerin' every Charlie Turner with attentions would please sprinkle just a few on Charlie's wife, to help keep her straight an' sweet an' honest for Charlie when he comes back."

"Hm-m, maybe," murmured Mrs. McGuire, rising wearily to her feet; "but there ain't many that thinks of that."

"There'll be more think of it by and by—when it's too late," observed Susan succinctly, as she, too, rose from her chair.

#### CHAPTER XIX

IN due course Daniel Burton and his son Keith returned from the funeral of their kinswoman, Miss Nancy Holworthy.

The town, aware now of the stupendous change that had come to the fortunes of the Burton family, stared, gossiped, shook wise heads of prophecy, and passed on to the next sensation.

At the Burton homestead itself the changes did not seem so stupendous. True, Daniel Burton had abandoned the peddling of peas and beans across the counter, and had got out his easel and placed a fresh canvas upon it; but he obviously worked half-heartedly.

True, also disgruntled tradesmen no longer rang peremptory peals of the doorbell, and the postman's load of bills on the first of the month was perceptibly decreased. The dinner-table, too, bore evidence that a scanty purse no longer controlled the larder; but no new china or cut-glass graced the board. The house was being prepared for a new coat of paint, but no startling alterations or improvements were made, and Keith was still to be seen almost daily on the McGuire back porch, as before, or on his own, with John McGuire.

Nancy Holworthy's death was two months in the past when, one day, Keith came home from John McGuire's, in very evident excitement.

"Why, Keith, what's the matter?" demanded Susan concernedly.

"Nothing. That is, I—I did not know I acted as if anything was the matter," stammered the youth.

"Well, you do. Now tell me, what is it?"

"Nothing, Susan. Nothing you can help." Keith was pacing up and down the living-room. Suddenly he turned and stopped short, his whole body quivering with emotion. "Susan, I can't! I can't—stand it," he moaned.

"I know, Keith. But, what is it—now?"

"John McGuire. He's been tellin' me how it is—over there. Why, Susan, I could see it—see it, I tell you, and oh, I did so want to be there to help! He told me how they held it, the little clump of trees that meant so much to us—and how

one by one they fell—those brave fellows with him. Even one man counted there—counted for oh, so much!—for at last there was just one man left—John McGuire. And to hear him tell it—it was wonderful!"

"I know, I know," nodded Susan. "It was like his letters—he made you see things. He always did—even when he was a little boy. He wanted to write, you know, before—this happened. And now—" the sentence trailed off into the silence unfinished.

"And to think of all that, to-day, being wasted on a blind baby tied to a picture puzzle," moaned Keith, resuming his nervous pacing of the room. "Why, Susan, that story would make a stone fight. I never supposed there could be anything like that battle. To-day John just poured out his heart to me—me!—and there are

couldn't you do it?—take it down, I mean, as he talked, like a stylographer?"

Keith shook his head.

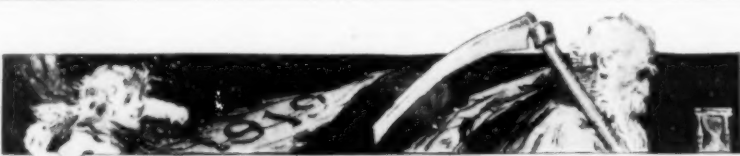
"I wish I could. But I know I couldn't. I couldn't begin to do it fast enough to keep up with him, and 'twould spoil it all to have to ask him to slow down. When a man's got a couple of Huns coming straight for him, and he knows he's got to get 'em both at once, you can't very well sing out: 'Here, wait—wait a minute till I get that last sentence down!'"

"I know, I know," nodded Susan again. She paused, drew a long sigh, and turned her eyes out the window. Up the walk was coming Daniel Burton.

"I wish your father—" Susan began. Suddenly she stopped. "Keith, Keith," she cried eagerly. "I have it! Your father—he could do it—I know he could!"

## The Key

[Continued from page 11]



## Our Washington Bureau

The McCall Washington Bureau, 4035 New Hampshire Avenue, Washington, D. C., was established to keep our readers in close touch with the Government. This month we plan to acquaint you with some of the best of the Government booklets designed to help us do our part in the war. The Bureau will be pleased to obtain for you, as long as the edition lasts, copies of any of the booklets described below, and will gladly answer inquiries concerning government activities. The National Service Handbook and the War Cyclopaedia cost 15 cents each; the others are free, but always enclose a three-cent stamp with your request for booklets or information, to cover part of the Bureau's expenses.

#### Care of Food in the Home

CARE of Food in the Home," issued by the States Relations Service, is a leaflet which every housewife should have. It contains numerous suggestions for saving food from spoiling. This leaflet will rob your garbage pail but save for you.

#### How to Select Foods

FOOD, exercise and rest are the things the body needs for its development and for the renewal of its energy for muscular work. To help you select the proper food the States Relations Service has issued a booklet, "How to Select Foods." The information given by the experts who wrote this will be a good investment for you.

#### National Service Handbook

THE National Service Handbook," issued by the Committee on Public Information, is descriptive of civic and military organizations connected with war work. It contains the rates of pay for the army and navy and illustrations of the insignia worn by the different ranks. Get this booklet and be able to distinguish the various services. Our Washington bureau will purchase you a copy on receipt of 15 cents.

#### Soy Bean Flour

USE soy bean flour to save wheat, meat and fat," says the United States Department of Agriculture in a leaflet of recipes for its use. Soy bean flour contains much protein and fat, and its use adds richness to foods. If soy bean flour is obtainable in your locality, get this leaflet and try some of its tested recipes.

#### Foods Rich in Protein

TO enable the housewife to select foods rich in protein and low in price, the United States Department of Agriculture has prepared a booklet called "Foods Rich in Protein." The booklet contains a comparison of the different food materials and has recipes of dishes rich in body-building elements. Send to the Bureau for a copy.

#### The School Lunch-Basket

IS your child getting the proper lunch and in as great a variety as is possible? Do you have difficulty in knowing what to provide each day? The Government has prepared a leaflet that will help you. It contains suggested menus for both the home and school lunch and recipes for school-lunch dishes. Mothers of school children should have a copy of this booklet.

#### The War Cyclopaedia

THE War Cyclopaedia," is one of the best reference booklets issued on the war. Its 300 pages contain explanations of over 1,000 subjects, covering all phases of the war. The Bureau will purchase a copy for you on receipt of 15 cents and a stamp.

#### Pimiento and Cream Cheese

PIMIENTO cheese and cream cheese may be made easily and inexpensively. The Department of Agriculture has published a booklet, "Pimiento and Cream Cheese," containing a description of the simple equipment needed for making these cheeses, and 10 pages of recipes for their use. Get this booklet that will show you what to do with left-over milk.

"Do what?"

"Take down John McGuire's story. Couldn't he do it?"

"Why y-yes, he could, I think," hesitated Keith doubtfully. "He doesn't know shorthand, but he—he's got eyes," (Keith's voice broke a little)—"but, Susan, John McGuire wouldn't tell it to him. He won't even see anybody but me. How's Dad going to hear it to write it down? Tell me that?"

"But he could overhear it, Keith. No, no, don't look like that," she protested hurriedly, as Keith began to frown. "Just listen a minute. He could be over on the grass right close, where he could hear every word; and you could get John to talkin', an' your father could begin to write. John wouldn't know a thing about it; and—"

"Yes, you're quite right—John wouldn't know a thing about it," broke in Keith, with a passion so sudden and bitter that Susan fell back in dismay.

"Why, Keith!" she exclaimed, her startled eyes on his quivering face.

"I wonder if you think I'd do it," he demanded. "I wonder if you really think I'd cheat that poor fellow into talking to

me just because he hadn't eyes to see that I wasn't the only one in his audience!"

"But, Keith, he wouldn't mind; he wouldn't mind a bit," urged Susan.

"Oh, no, he wouldn't mind being cheated and deceived and made a fool of, just because he couldn't see!"

"No, he wouldn't mind," persisted Susan stoutly. "He'd be glad, after it was all done, and—"

"Would he!" choked Keith, still more bitterly. "Maybe you think I was glad after it was all done, and I found I'd been fooled into thinking the girl that was reading to me, and talking to me, and playing games with me was a girl I had never known before—"

"But, Keith, I'm sure that Dorothy liked—"

"We'll not discuss it, please," interposed Keith, "only you'll—only you'll have to understand I mean what I say. There's no letting Dad copy that story on the sly."

"But there must be a way," argued Susan feverishly. "Only think what it would mean to that boy if we could get him started to writing books."

"It would—help, some," Keith drew in his breath and held it a moment suspended. "If only there was a way that Father could—"

"There is, and we'll find it," Susan interrupted. "And, Keith, it's going to be most as good for him as it is for John McGuire. He's nervous as a witch since he quit his job."

"I know." A swift cloud crossed the boy's face. "But 'twasn't giving up his job that's made him nervous. Susan, as you and I both know very well. However, we'll see."

#### CHAPTER XX

KEITH was still looking for "the way," when October came, bringing crisp days and chilly winds. When it was too cold, John McGuire did not appear at all on his back porch, and Keith did not have the courage to make a bold advance to the McGuire door and ask admittance. Then came a day, however, when a cold east wind came up after they were well established in their porch chairs for the morning. They were on the Burton porch this time, and Keith suddenly determined to take the bull by the horns.

"Bur-r-r! but it's cold this morning," he shivered blithely. "Let's go in. Come on." And without waiting for acquiescence he caught John McGuire's arm in his own and half pulled him to his feet.

"No, no!—that is, I—I think I'd better be going home," he stammered.

But Keith Burton did not seem even to hear.

"Say, just try your hand at this puzzle," he was saying gaily. "I gave it up, and I bet you'll have to."

The quick tightening of John McGuire's lips, and the proud lifting of his chin, told that Keith's challenge had been accepted even before the laconic answer came.

"Oh, you do, do you!"

John McGuire loved picture puzzles, as Keith Burton well knew. After that, it was not long before the two boys were going back and forth between the two houses.

The day finally came when Keith believed he had found "the way."

They were in his own home living-room. It had been a wonderful story that John McGuire had told that day of a daring excursion into No Man's Land, and what came of it. Upstairs in the studio Daniel Burton was sitting alone, as Keith knew. Springing to his feet he turned toward the door that led into the hall.

"McGuire, that was a bully story—a corking good story. I want Dad to hear it. Wait, I'll get him." And he was out of the room before John McGuire could so much as draw a breath.

Upstairs, Daniel Burton, already in the secret, heard Keith's eager summons and came at once. When they entered the living-room John McGuire was on his feet. Very plainly he was intending to go home, but Daniel Burton came straight to him and took his hand.

[Concluded in the February McCall's]

SYNOPSIS.—Keith Burton, the son of an unsuccessful artist in a New England village, was going blind. He does not know it until he hears their housekeeper, Susan, telling a neighbor over the back fence. He has a disquieting talk with two girl friends, Marie Sanborn and Dorothy Parkman. Dorothy, unknowingly, hurts and angers Keith by remarking that she cannot bear to look at blind people. Several months later, Keith becomes totally blind. Dr. Stewart, an eminent oculist and Dorothy's stepfather, operates on him. In Dr. Stewart's house, Dorothy is kind to Keith, who, not recognizing her, thinks she is Miss Stewart. In spite of every one's hope, the operation proves unsuccessful and Keith is doomed to permanent blindness. Dorothy, whom he still thinks of as Miss Stewart, visits him in his own home daily, reading and talking to him. He becomes angered when eventually he finds out that she really is Dorothy Parkman. Nothing Susan can do succeeds in reconciling Keith to Dorothy's friendship, although he does occasionally see her.



# Fashions



Dress 8681  
Sizes 34-44  
Transfer Design No. 797

Dress 8709  
Sizes 34-46

Dress 8691  
Sizes 34-42  
Transfer Design No. 453

Dress 8701  
Sizes 34-46

**S**URELY no mode that has been launched has ever been taken straight into the hearts of women like the popular chemise dress. This graceful adaptation of the prevailing silhouette seems to be just the style that appeals to the majority of the feminine world. Perhaps its simplicity is the note that accounts for its general esteem. For indeed they are all very simple. No trimming appears at all with the exception of a beaded motif or some equally small and inconspicuous ornamentation. Illustrated here are some exceptionally clever and interesting phases of the one-piece dress.

News comes from Paris that sport clothes will be very popular all during the winter and early spring season. The reason perhaps is because of the many out-of-door activities, such as fêtes, etc. This interesting form of entertainment brings out all the smartest of people, and therefore the appearance of sport clothes is marked.

No. 8681, LADIES' DRESS; opening on shoulder and at underarm; having one- or two-piece sleeves attached to lining; two-piece skirt, instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 40-inch material and 1 yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 797.

No. 8712, LADIES' DRESS; basque closing on shoulder and at underarm; two styles of sleeve and two-piece skirt attached to lining; instep length. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. Width is 1½ yards.



8681 8712

Dress 8712  
Sizes 34-44

Dress 8697  
Sizes 34-42



8709



8697



8691



8701

No. 8701, LADIES' DRESS; sleeves attached to waist or lining; one-piece straight skirt attached to lining; instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch, and 2½ yards of 42-inch contrasting for skirt. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards.

No. 8691, LADIES' DRESS; two-piece skirt, with or without plackets; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards of 36-inch for the waist and 2 yards of 42-inch contrasting for the skirt and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 453.

No. 8709, LADIES' DRESS; side-front closing; one- or two-piece sleeves; pleated side sections; straight lower edge; instep length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is 2½ yards.

No. 8697, LADIES' DRESS; closing on shoulder and at underarm; two styles of sleeve and two-piece skirt attached to underbody; instep length. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 42-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is 1½ yards. Transfer Design No. 927.

# New Adaptations of the One-Piece Dress





# With Varied Distinguishing Features



There is danger in  
tender gums



TO preserve healthy teeth the ordinary tooth-paste is futile. You must first care for the gums, on which tooth health depends.

How many people think of this? Yet four out of five people over forty suffer from gum-decay, or Pyorrhea (Riggs' Disease).

At first the gums become tender, though actual gum-shrinkage is imperceptible. But as time recedes, gums will surely loosen your teeth, and then only a dentist can save them. The tender, bleeding gums of Pyorrhea also act as so many doorways for disease germs to enter the system—inflicting joints or tonsils—or causing other ailments.

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No. 8674, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; blouse opening on shoulder; sleeves and one-piece skirt, in two lengths, attached to lining. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of fringe. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards. An adaptation of the new chemise dress which is so very smart.



Dress 8516  
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8674  
Sizes 14-20



Dress 8452  
Sizes 16-20

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No. 8516, MISSES' DRESS, in two lengths; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material for the dress and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for the tie-on collar. The width around the lower edge is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards. The back and front are straight from the shoulder to the hem, and the side panels are in one with straps which cross over front and back.



Dress 8698  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 928



Dress 8700  
Sizes 16-20

No. 8698, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing on shoulder and at underarm; sleeves attached to body lining; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 928. A chic model for the miss.

No. 8700, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; side closing; with or without panel; two-piece tunic; two-piece foundation skirt lengthened by straight section; in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch satin and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard 36-inch for collar. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8492, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; body and sleeves in one or dropped shoulder; three-piece skirt in two lengths attached to waist. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch satin, and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch serge for the panels and belt. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 927.

No. 8532, MISSES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON DRESS; suitable for small women. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 808.



Dress 8492  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 927

No. 8452, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; elbow sleeves; gauntlets attached to foundation sleeves; two-piece skirt in two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material for the dress and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting for the blouse. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards. The two-piece skirt is attached to the suspender belt and closes at the left side.



Dress 8532  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 808

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Work

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# With Grace and Originality of Line

COSTUME NOS. 8696-8238.—The medium size requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch serge and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting.  
No. 8696, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 8 sizes, 6 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch serge and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting.  
No. 8238, MISSES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE SKIRT; high waistline; shorter length. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch serge. The width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



Dress 8558  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 829

No. 8558, MISSES' ONE-PIECE DRESS; suitable for small women; in two lengths; to be slipped on over the head; with or without panels. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 829. This new model is in one from the shoulder to hem. It gives the straight appearance so essential to the silhouette which is now in vogue.



8558



Middy Blouse 8696  
Sizes 6-20  
Skirt 8238  
Sizes 14-20



8696 8238 8432



Dress 8432  
Sizes 14-20  
Transfer Design No. 924

No. 8432, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two-piece skirt, in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 38-inch material for the dress and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar, cuffs and vest. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards. Transfer Design No. 924. Smart youthful dress for afternoon wear. The braid design gives a distinctive touch to this model.



Middy Dress 8706  
Sizes 8-20



8706 8610



Dress 8610  
Sizes 14-20

No. 8706, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY DRESS; one-piece straight gathered skirt; in two lengths. Pattern in 7 sizes, 8 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 44-inch material for the dress and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar and cuffs. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8610, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing at shoulder and underarm; circular peplums; one-piece straight skirt, in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $4\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch satin. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. Smart little dress featuring the new rippled peplums, collars and cuffs.

No. 8382, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; two styles of sleeve; one-piece straight skirt; in two lengths. Pattern in 4 sizes, 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch satin and 1 yard of 54-inch serge. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards. This overwaist gives the effect of a sports blouse.

No. 8708, MISSES' DRESS; suitable for small women; closing center-back or on shoulder and at underarm; two styles of sleeve, attached to waist or lining; straight skirt, in two sections; two lengths. Pattern in 3 sizes, 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2 yards of 54-inch serge and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch satin. The width is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.



8708



Dress 8708  
Sizes 16-20



Dress 8382  
Sizes 14-20

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## For Boys and Girls

No. 8348, BOY'S SUIT AND CAP; knee trousers. Pattern in 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 17½ yards of 45-inch material. This new military suit appeals to the boy because of its smart lines and swagger appearance. The construction of it is quite simple and it is easily made at home. Developed in serge or khaki cloth.



Suit and Cap 8348  
Sizes 2-8

No. 8704, BOY'S SUIT; with or without yokes and straps; knickerbockers and knee trousers. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 48-inch material. This pattern contains both knickerbockers and knee trousers. This is a swagger little suit which when developed in twill or serge is suitable for school.



8688

Dress 8688  
Sizes 6-14  
Transfer Design No. 792

No. 8688, GIRL'S DRESS, mandarin blouse; opening on shoulder; two-piece skirt and sleeves attached to underbody. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the side-front and back, sleeves and skirt, and ¾ yard of 54-inch contrasting for the blouse, cuffs and sash. Transfer Design No. 792.



8704

Suit 8704  
Sizes 6-14

No. 8678, GIRL'S BELTED MIDDY DRESS, closing at underarm; with or without front yoke; two styles of sleeve; two-piece skirt attached to underbody; no placket opening required. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material for blouse and 5½ yard of 50-inch for skirt. Transfer Design No. 833.



8678

Middy Dress 8678  
Sizes 4-14  
Transfer Design No. 833



8690

Rompers 8690  
Sizes 1-6

No. 8690, CHILD'S ROMPERS; closing center-back or to be slipped on over the head. Pattern in 4 sizes, 1 to 6 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material and ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting.



Underwear 8680  
Sizes 2-12  
Transfer Design No. 356

No. 8680, GIRL'S SET OF UNDERWEAR; Gertrude petticoat and drawers. Pattern in 6 sizes, 2 to 12 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 356.



8682

Apron 8682  
Sizes 2-12  
Transfer Design No. 891

No. 8682, GIRL'S APRON. Pattern in 6 sizes, 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material. Transfer Design No. 891. This little apron slips on over the head and is simply constructed.

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# Simple Correct Designs



Dress 8692  
Sizes 6 months to 4 years  
Transfer Design No. 884

No. 8692, CHILD'S DRESS. Pattern in 4 sizes, 6 months to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material. Transfer Design No. 884 for the embroidery on the yoke and skirt. The feature of this very simple little baby dress is the one-piece yoke, straight back and front and no seam on the shoulder. Dainty and neat for the pet of the house.



Dress 8694  
Sizes 6-14



Dress 8684  
Sizes 4-14

No. 8684, GIRL'S DRESS; straight skirt. Pattern in 6 sizes, 4 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 yard of 36-inch plain material for the waist, 1 1/2 yards of 16 1/4-inch flouncing for skirt and 3/8 yard of 13 1/2 inch for the collar. Smart little model for party wear or any dressy occasion.

No. 8702, GIRL'S COAT DRESS; straight pleated skirt. Pattern in 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch for the front and back of coat, 2 1/2 yards of 36-inch for the waist, skirt and belt, and 3/4 yard of 40-inch for collar and cuffs.



Coat Dress 8702  
Sizes 6-14



Dress 8686  
Sizes 1-8  
Transfer Design No. 891

No. 8686, CHILD'S DRESS; with or without guimpe. Pattern in 5 sizes, 1 to 8 years. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 3/8 yard of 40-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 891.



Middy Blouse 8696  
Sizes 6-20  
Skirt 5190  
Sizes 4-12

No. 8696, MISSES' AND GIRLS' MIDDY BLOUSE; to be slipped on over the head; opening at side; with or without yoke and band. Pattern in 8 sizes, 6 to 20 years. Size 12 requires 1 1/2 yards of 54-inch material, and 1/2 yard of 36-inch contrasting for the collar.

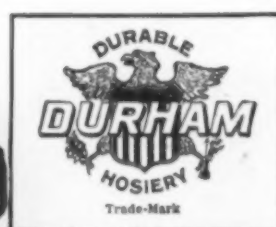
No. 5190, GIRL'S BLOOMER; straight pleated skirt and underbody. Pattern in 5 sizes, 4 to 12 years. Size 12 requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.



8684 8692 8694



8702 8686 8696 5190



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A good medium weight substantial stocking for children. Triple reinforced knees. Strongly double reinforced heels and toes. Feet and toes smooth, seamless and even. Black and white.

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ALPINE

A warm and comfortable stocking. Double fleecy-lined throughout. Full of warmth and full of wear. Extra wide and elastic flange top. Double reinforced heels and toes. Black only.

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Would an extra \$5.00 or \$10.00 be welcome just now? Surely it would, and you can have it easily. A little spare time to look after McCall's subscriptions in your neighborhood is all that is needed. No experience is necessary, nor is any investment of any kind required.

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Washington, the home of the Pathfinder, is the nerve center of civilization; history is being made at this world capital. The Pathfinder's illustrated weekly review gives you a clear, impartial and correct diagnosis of public affairs during these strenuous, epoch-making days.


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The only DRESS FASTENER GUARANTEED NOT TO INJURE THE GARMENT. At all Notion Counters, 10 cents, card of 12—made in six sizes, fast black and silver. Send 10 cents for card.

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A. L. CLARK & CO., Inc. Sole Distributors 652 Broadway, New York City



## RUBENS Infant Shirt

**Buy the Genuine RUBENS**

Costs no more than the Imitation

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Manufactured only by  
**RUBENS & MARBLE, Inc.**  
218 Market St. Chicago, Ill.



No Buttons No Trouble  
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## Your Baby

Should be a healthy happy growing baby if it has loving care, proper food and comfortable, hygienic clothing.

**NON-NETTLE WHITE FLANNELS**


Are the softest, smoothest and least irritating flannels made (66 to 82.00 a yard) and are sold only by us. "Non-Nettle" stamped every half yard on selvage except silk warp.

**Send for Free Sample Case**

containing samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, etc. Also illustrated catalog showing 30 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infant's Outfits (35 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby baskets and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the baby, and valuable information on care of the baby.

**No advertising on wrappers.** For 25 cents we will add a complete set of seventeen Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost \$1.25 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.

**THE LAMSON BROS. CO., 342 Summit St., Toledo, O.**  
Established in 1885. Known around the globe.



## Vapo-Cresolene

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs. Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a neglected cold is a dangerous ailment. Mrs. Huntington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

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For the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and as an aid in the treatment of Diphtheria, Cresolene is valuable on account of its powerful germicidal qualities. It is a protection to those exposed.

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Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet. Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and menthol. They soothe and soothe you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

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**FREE BOOK LEARN PIANO**

This Interesting Free Book shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at quarter cost out. It shows why one lesson with an expert is worth a dozen other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music.

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# Some New Clever Ideas

## Infantile Paralysis



caused the deformity seen at the left. It had existed 9 years when the McLain Sanitarium straightened the foot. See other picture. The patient writes:

Just a few lines of thanks for the wonderful results following my treatment. After waiting for several years on the side of my foot, I now walk in a natural position. I don't use a cane as formerly. I certainly recommend this Sanitarium to any one similarly afflicted. Will gladly answer letters.

**CARL A. ROBISON,**  
Kosmosdale, Ky.

Write Carl Robison or the Sanitarium for full details.

**FOR CRIPPLED CHILDREN**

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis"—also "Book of References," sent free.

**The McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium**  
944 Aubert Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

## Instant Bunion Relief

Prove It At My Expense



Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 22,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my *Fairyfoot* treatment **FREE**. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that I am going to send it to you **absolutely FREE**. It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while wearing as tight shoes as ever. Just send your name and address and *Fairyfoot* will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

**FOOT REMEDY CO., Dept. 28, 3661 Ogden Ave., Chicago**

**Keeps Skin Smooth, Firm, Fresh—Youthful Looking**

To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain

**Powdered SAXOLITE**

Effective for wrinkles, crowfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get it once. Package follows the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

**Agents: \$50 a Week**

For your spare time. Men or women selling guaranteed hosiery. Must wear 12 months or replaced free—all styles, colors and fancy stripes, including silk hose.

**Sell for Less Than Store Prices**

Often sell dozen pair to one family. Every man or woman, young or old, can make big money selling this quality line. Write for samples.

**Thomas Hosiery Co.**  
8303 Elk St. Dayton, Ohio

**Rely On Cuticura For Skin Troubles**

All druggists; Soap 25¢, Ointment 25¢ & 50¢, Talcum 25¢. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. 3, Boston."

**NO JOKE TO BE DEAF**

—Every Deaf Person Knows That. I make myself hear, after being deaf for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums. I hear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address:

**GEO. F. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.)**  
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**Train For Nursing—NOW!**

The war is responsible for a scarcity of nurses in hospitals—their regular nurses are going to the front. Demands for trained nurses are greater than the supply. This is your golden opportunity to become a trained nurse and easily secure a fine position at \$30 to \$50 per week. You can quickly master our special Training Course during your spare time at home and receive diploma approved by best doctors. Easy terms. Hospital experience given if desired. We help you find employment. Write at once for catalog. State age.

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**MATERNITY CORSET**

Many thousands of these corsets have been sold in various materials at \$3.95 to \$12.50. 27M49—We now offer this corset, made up in a good quality coutil, slightly less expensive than our \$2.95 regular standard grade, for one month only, at \$2.50 in order, give present value measure and size period of time.

**FREE** A big 64-page Style Book of Dresses, Coats, Suits, Waists and Corsets for mothers-to-be sent **FREE**.

**Lane Bryant Dept. Fifth Ave. At 88th New York**

**BE A DETECTIVE** Great Opportunity for Men and Women at Present time. Travel, Secret Investigations, Excellent Pay. Write C. T. Ludwig, 522 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

**Start in Business at Home**

Design dresses and gowns for your friends in spare time. Earn \$100 month. Write at once for free sample lessons.

**Franklin Institute, Dept. Y 859, Rochester, N. Y.**



**Corset Cover 8683**  
Sizes 34-46

**Petticoat 8117**  
Sizes 22-34

**Combination 8699**  
Sizes 34-46

No. 8683, LADIES' CORSET COVER. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 36-inch material and  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of edging. This old-fashioned corset cover may be made with or without the sleeves.

No. 8117, LADIES' THREE-PIECE PETTICOAT; gathered back, or habit back with or without yoke; in 41- or 37-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires, 41-inch length,  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 27-inch material. Width,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8699, LADIES' COMBINATION; corset cover in two styles, one-piece petticoat, and open drawers, with straight lower edge. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 27-inch flouncing. This design may be used separately or together; the corset cover may be developed in contrasting materials.

**Conservation Nightgown 8679**  
Small, medium, large

No. 8679, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE CONSERVATION NIGHTGOWN; three-quarter length. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. The medium size requires  $2\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 36-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8675, LADIES' AND MISSES' ONE-PIECE KIMONO. Pattern in 3 sizes; small, 32 to 34; medium, 36 to 38; large, 40 to 42 bust. The medium size requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $4\frac{1}{2}$  yards of  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch wide ribbon for the neck and sleevebands.

No. 8705, LADIES' SERVICE DRESS. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards 40-inch material,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards 36-inch contrasting.

**One-Piece Kimono 8675**  
Small, medium, large

**Service Dress 8705**  
Sizes 34-46



# Fashion Descriptions

Descriptions for page 30

No. 8357, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8401, LADIES' BLOUSE. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 36-inch material, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch for collar and vest in one and cuffs.

No. 8710, LADIES' FOUR-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 54-inch. Width,  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8355, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards. Transfer Design No. 884.

No. 8525, LADIES' OVERDRESS. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 40-inch and  $1\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 926. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8711, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting for yoke and puff sleeves.

No. 8689, LADIES' TWO- OR THREE-PIECE TUCKED SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 8507, LADIES' COLLARLESS WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 40-inch material, and  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting for front and back panel.

No. 8677, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 6 sizes, 22 to 32 waist. Size 26 requires 4 yards of 40-inch material. The width of lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8703, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 5 sizes, 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 42-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8685, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material. Width,  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards.

No. 8563, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch contrasting. Width,  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

Descriptions for page 31

No. 8349, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 27-inch contrasting. Width,  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards.

No. 8707, LADIES' TIE-ON OR BUTTON-ON BASQUE. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 50-inch material.

No. 8687, LADIES' ONE-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material. Width of lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8529, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $2\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch material and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 40-inch contrasting. Width of lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards.

No. 8676, LADIES' BASQUE. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 36-inch material and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting.

No. 8695, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 45-inch material. Width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 8521, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 7 sizes, 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 36-inch and  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 40-inch contrasting. Transfer Design No. 928. Width,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

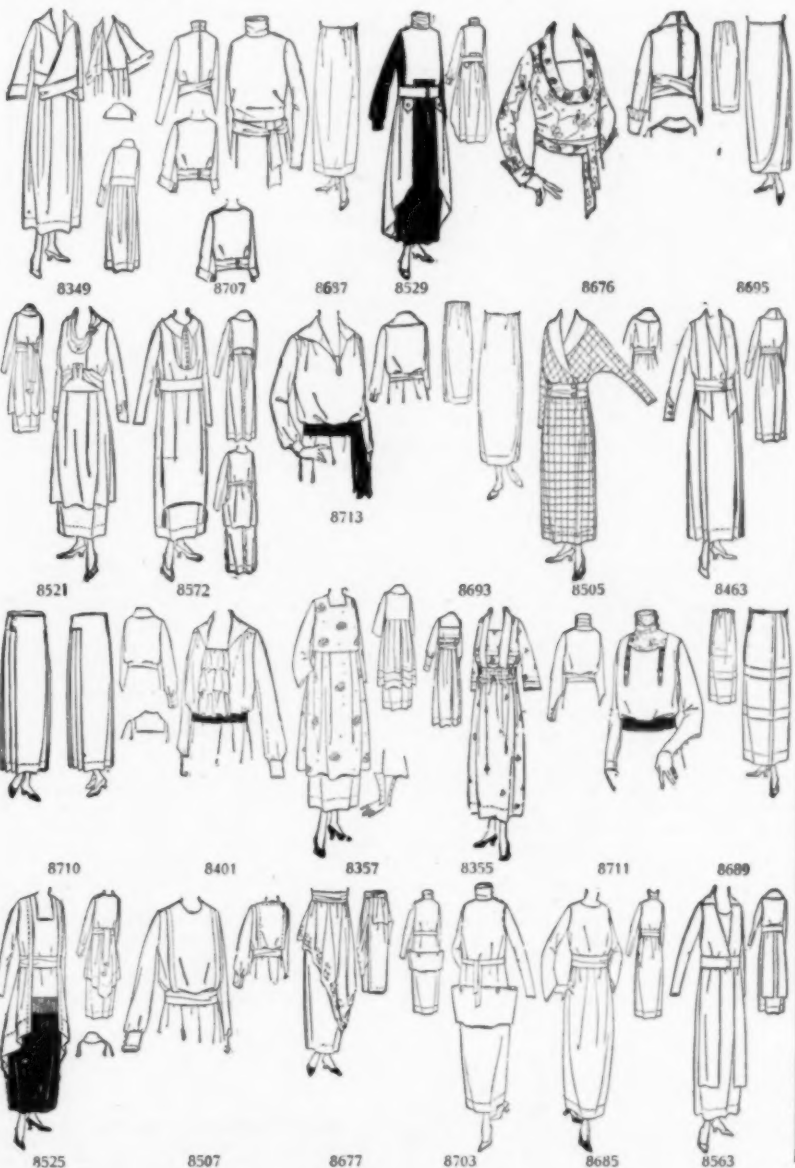
No. 8713, LADIES' WAIST. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{5}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $2\frac{3}{4}$  yards of braid.

No. 8693, LADIES' TWO-PIECE SKIRT; 40-inch length. Pattern in 7 sizes, 22 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material. The width of lower edge is  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards.

No. 8572, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material. The width around the lower edge is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8505, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 6 sizes, 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 40-inch material and  $1\frac{3}{8}$  yards of 54-inch contrasting. Width, lower edge, is  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yards.

No. 8463, LADIES' DRESS. Pattern in 8 sizes, 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards of 54-inch material and  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 36-inch contrasting. The width around the lower edge is 2 yards.



## Danger Lurks

### In the Narrow, Hard-to-Clean NECK of Baby's Bottle

A MILLION babies died in this country in the last three years. Safe milk would have saved thousands if the nursing bottles had also been safe. A narrow-neck nursing bottle is not safe. Even boiling to sterilize cannot make it completely safe, for the narrow neck chokes free circulation of water.

Your baby in its first year feeds 2,000 times. Dare you risk the bottle being imperfectly cleaned—and baby sick—even once?

The wide-mouth Hygeia Nursing Bottle is always safe—it has no place for food particles or germs to collect. Easy to cleanse as a tumbler.

The rubber Hygeia Breast is nearest like mother's breast and aids nursing. There is a rubber cover that snaps over the bottle to protect food while in ice box.

Be safe—not sorry. First made by a physician to save his own child. Insist on Hygeia, the Nursing Bottle with breasts of red or black rubber. All drug stores.

THE HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE CO., Inc., 1206 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

# Hygeia NURSING BOTTLE



## The End of a Perfect Day

There is nothing like a brisk day's sport on the ice rink or the bob-sleds to develop rosy-checked, clear-eyed youngsters.

There is nothing like "Vaseline" Camphor Ice for protecting them against chapping from cold winter winds.

Insist on "Vaseline" Camphor Ice. Put up in tubes and boxes. At all druggists.

**Vaseline**  
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.  
**Camphor Ice**

Write for interesting booklet. Free on request.

A little "Vaseline" Camphor Ice applied before going out and after coming in keeps hands and lips soft, smooth and healthy. Good for boys and

girls—and grown ups too—the simple, natural skin protection against the hurts of frost and winter. No one who is fond of winter sports should be without it.

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING COMPANY

(Consolidated) 5 STATE ST. NEW YORK



## Makes Perfect Mayonnaise

### Easily—Quickly—Surely

This is what every woman who tries Douglas Oil hastens to tell her friends. That it makes *dandy mayonnaise*—sure and certain mayonnaise—thick, stiff mayonnaise—with only a few minutes of beating. That it blends so perfectly with the egg that it makes this once hard task easy.

# Douglas Oil

For Salads, Shortening, Frying

Douglas Oil is a cooking oil, too, a perfect shortening and the de luxe frying fat. It is very economical however it is used, and also highly nutritious. It is made from the heart of the corn alone. The starchy part of the kernel makes Douglas Corn Starch. No portion is wasted.

### Try Douglas Oil Today

Your dealer has Douglas Oil or can get it for you. If you can't secure it write us direct and we will see that you are supplied.

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Compiled by experts and published to sell for 50c. For a limited time we offer it FREE to women who use Douglas Oil. If you are unable to get Douglas Oil send us the name of your dealer and we will see that you are supplied.

Douglas Company, Dept. 205, Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
Manufacturers of Corn Products (1919)



DOUGLAS CORN STARCH Makes Smoothest Gravies—Instead of that spoonful of wheat flour use Douglas Corn Starch to thicken soups, sauces and gravies. They will be far smoother and richer. Specialize on Douglas Corn Starch desserts, especially for the children. They need its invaluable nutritive qualities. Mixed with wheat flour in the proportion explained in the Douglas Book of Recipes, Douglas Corn Starch gives you superior pastry flour. Made by the world's largest exclusive starch manufacturers, the finest quality which can be produced. Be sure to specify DOUGLAS.



## Gray Hair Restored

In From  
4 to 8 Days



## A Great Discovery

GRAY haired women need not be handicapped by their whitening locks, either in business or socially. The natural color can be restored in from 4 to 8 days with a clear, colorless liquid applied by combing through the hair.

This great discovery is of vital importance now, when so many home women must become bread winners. Now, today, before you start on your new work, send for a free trial bottle of

*Mary T. Goldman's*  
Hair Color Restorer

Not a crude dye, naturally repulsive to fastidious women, but a pure, clean preparation which doesn't interfere with shampooing or curling. Its use is as permissible as that of the powder which every woman knows she needs.

### Send for Free Trial Bottle

Cut out this coupon now, fill it out and send it. Mark on it the natural color of your hair—is it black, dark brown, medium brown or light brown? Better still, enclose a lock in your letter. We will send a trial bottle and special comb by return mail. You can buy the full sized bottle at your druggist's, or direct from us if you prefer.

Remember, when the first gray streaks appear is the time to begin with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and mail the coupon for the free trial bottle today.

MARY T. GOLDMAN  
856 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.  
Established 50 Years (1919)

MARY T. GOLDMAN,  
856 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

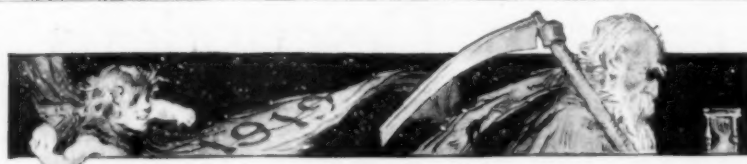
Please send me your free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.

The natural color of my hair is  
black ☐ dark brown ☐  
medium brown ☐ light brown ☐

Name .....

Street .....

Town ..... Co. .... State .....



## A Swell-the-Fund Supper

[Continued from page 24]

agate dripping pans and, when hard, cut in squares and serve with whipped cream.

### VANILLA ICE CREAM

3 quarts milk  
1½ cupfuls sugar and  
1½ cupfuls corn  
syrup  
¾ cupful flour  
¾ teaspoonful salt  
8 eggs  
3 tablespoonfuls vanilla  
1½ quarts cream

Scald all but 2 cupfuls of the milk. Mix the flour and sugar and add slowly the cold milk, stirring all the time. Add the mixture when smooth to the scalded milk. Stir constantly and cook 25 minutes. Pour this over the slightly beaten eggs, strain into a double boiler, and cook until the eggs are cooked about 5 minutes. Add salt. Cool, add the vanilla and the cream. Freeze.

For chocolate ice cream, melt 7 squares of unsweetened chocolate over hot water and add the vanilla custard while hot, a very little at a time, stirring in each quantity as it is added. Then cool, and proceed as for the vanilla ice cream.

### SCALLOPED CHEESE

5 quarts milk  
4 quarts stale bread  
broken in small pieces  
1½ pounds cheese  
grated or chopped  
fine  
4 tablespoonfuls butter  
3 tablespoonfuls salt  
1 teaspoonful paprika  
1½ teaspoonful cayenne  
14 eggs

Scald the milk and pour it over the bread, add the cheese while very hot, stir

and cool. Add the seasonings and the butter melted. Beat the eggs and stir them into the mixture. Pour into well-greased baking dishes and bake slowly about one hour. Serve with a sour jelly.

### BAKING-POWDER BISCUIT

3 quarts victory flour  
8 tablespoonfuls baking-  
powder  
2 tablespoonfuls salt  
1 cupful fat  
About 4½ cupfuls milk  
or half milk and half  
water

Sift the dry ingredients. Cut in the fat, add the milk, making as soft a dough as can be handled. Roll out quickly and cut with a biscuit cutter, bake 12 minutes in a moderately hot oven. (Do not roll the dough thicker than ¾ inch.)

### COCO

3 quarts scalded milk  
1½ cupfuls coco  
¾ cupful sugar  
¾ cupful flour  
¾ quarts boiling water  
1½ teaspoonfuls salt  
1 tablespoonful vanilla

Mix the flour, coco and sugar very thoroughly. Pour slowly into the boiling water, stirring all the time. (Do this away from fire.) When perfectly smooth put over the fire and cook slowly ½ hour, stirring very often. Add this syrup to the scalded milk, then the salt and vanilla—beat with a Dover egg beater or wire whisk before serving. Serve with whipped cream or marshmallows.

## Stretching Sugar

[Continued from page 27]

### STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING

3 tablespoonfuls fat  
2/3 cupful dark corn  
syrup  
2 egg yolks  
¾ cupful milk  
¼ teaspoonful salt  
1½ cupfuls buckwheat  
or rye flour  
1½ cupfuls barley flour  
4½ teaspoonfuls bak-  
ing-powder  
2½ squares unsweet-  
ened chocolate

Cream fat, add syrup gradually, then add egg yolks well beaten. Mix and sift flour with baking-powder and salt, and add alternately with milk to first mixture, then add chocolate, which has been melted over hot water. Fill oiled molds two-thirds full, cover and steam 2 hours. Serve with:

### FOAMY SAUCE

Whites of 2 eggs  
½ cupful white corn  
syrup  
¼ cupful hot milk  
1 teaspoonful vanilla

Beat whites until stiff, add syrup gradually while beating, add milk and vanilla.

### GINGER SPONGE (STEAMED)

1/3 cupful shortening  
2 tablespoonfuls sugar  
2 eggs  
1 cupful milk  
2½ cupfuls barley flour  
3 teaspoonfuls baking-  
powder  
¼ teaspoonful salt  
¾ cupful Canton gin-  
ger, cut in small  
pieces  
1 tablespoonful ginger  
syrup

Mix ingredients as for cake; turn into an oiled mold and steam 1¾ hours. Remove from the mold and serve with whipped cream flavored with ginger syrup, or serve with sunshine sauce.

### SUNSHINE SAUCE

1 egg yolk  
½ cupful sugar or  
white corn syrup  
½ cupful heavy cream  
whipped  
1 egg white  
Flavoring

Beat egg yolk, add sugar gradually, then fold in whipped cream and white of egg beaten stiff.

## If You Dare Not Fail, You Must Succeed

[Continued from page 8]

ers is a losing proposition. Eighteen to twenty boarders will bring a comfortable living, fifty or sixty will be even more profitable, while a hundred will guarantee a good income. I have that number in my hotel and find them hardly more trouble than my original twenty.

"There is no reason to stop with moderate success.

"It always seemed to me that a middle-aged woman stands a better chance of success than a younger one. She has courage; she has more practical common sense, and she presents a more stable front. A middle-aged woman in deadly earnest, will get a hearing wherever she goes."

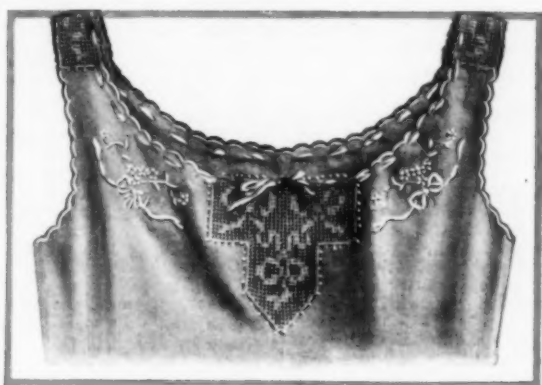
Mrs. Sefton represents what may be termed "the high-water mark" in the development of an old business for women. Women owning and running hotels and restaurants and chains of restaurants show so new a phase of this old business of catering to domestic comfort, that those who actually do these things in a big way are still very few. Four women own and manage their own hotels in Boston. Two women in partnership own or manage three hotels in New York. One woman in Chicago runs and owns a chain of restaurants; one woman in Boston manages two lunch rooms, which feed daily some three thousand people.

Compared with the number of similar places owned and managed by men, these figures are very small; yet the woman who wants to follow Mrs. Sefton's footsteps will find the way paved. Schools and colleges all over the country, give special instruction along domestic lines. Graduates from these schools are in great demand. They may teach at better salaries than regular teachers; they may go out as well paid demonstrators for state or federal departments. From these positions it is but one step to the higher positions calling for administrative work, and it is in these positions to-day that women are rapidly supplanting men. The increase in women managers of institutions, hotels, restaurants and lunch rooms maintained by great business houses, where thousands of employees are fed daily, has been marked in the past four years. In all likelihood, this field for women is going to stay open when other occupations are closed to them. Positions such as these are well paid, dignified, and offer the best possible training for the next steps, management and ownership.

Perhaps in no field are splendid salaries and money-making opportunities as great as in this extension of woman's work. With courage and willingness to learn, even the novice can succeed. How great her success may be, Mrs. Sefton has demonstrated.



# The New Lingerie



938

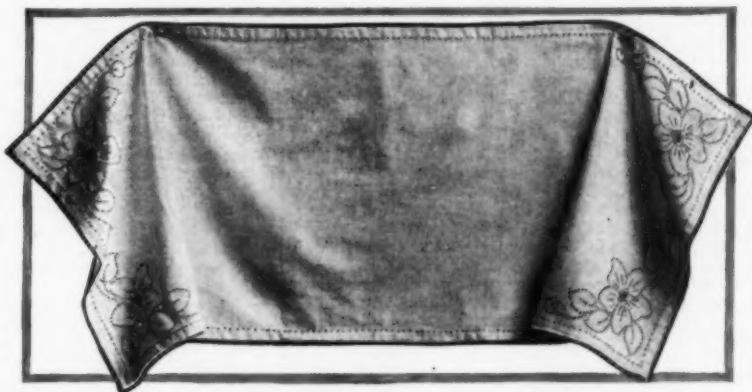


937

No. 938.—Transfer Design for Chemise. Something quite new that is extremely pleasing in its daintiness and originality. The bowknot idea is carried out most interestingly in the bit of embroidery as well as in the filet motif and shoulder straps which it connects. Those who wish to make the chemise will find the filet block pattern and the crochet directions included with the transfer pattern No. 938, which can be used on McCall chemise pattern No. 7170.

The nightgown is made from Transfer Design No. 937. This also includes filet block pattern and crochet directions. It can be used on McCall Nightgown Pattern No. 6599. Garments designed by Miss F. W. Foulks.

## French Knot Linens



939



940

No. 940.—Transfer Design for Bedspread. Six sprays, worked in blue French knots, make a charming bedspread which can become the possession of the busiest woman, as the amount of work involved in the embroidery is small. Each spray is 9 x 21 inches. There are several different styles of arrangement suggested in the transfer pattern. Material much favored for these spreads, because of its durability and cheapness, is unbleached muslin. Trimmed with fringe or heavy lace it makes an effective background for the Delft-blue sprays.

No. 939.—Transfer Design for French Knot Sprays. These make a pretty bureau scarf to match the bedspread, and can be used on pillows as well. There are four corners and two long sprays in the pattern.



*To keep a lovely skin  
—with soap that rinses off.*

Nature says: "Don't hamper my work by using haphazard methods and soaps."

And all Nature asks is a little common-sense cooperation in the care of the skin she is daily trying to give you.

Nature lays great stress on rinsing.

She says: "The soap must all rinse off."

So, if you want to choose and keep a clear, beautiful, natural skin, you will want to choose, also, a method and a soap, to take proper care of that skin.

Pure Fairy Soap is made for skins. Fairy Soap is made to cream refreshingly in and out of pores, as Nature asks. And when it has performed its perfect cleansing—off it rinses.

It rinses off perfectly—after its perfect cleansing.

That is why Fairy Soap is a soap that Nature herself loves—for the care of healthy, natural skins.

CHAS. FAIRBANKS COMPANY

"IN TUNE WITH THE TIMES  
you find them caring for their  
native charms in simpler ways  
—the ways that Nature her-  
self intended."

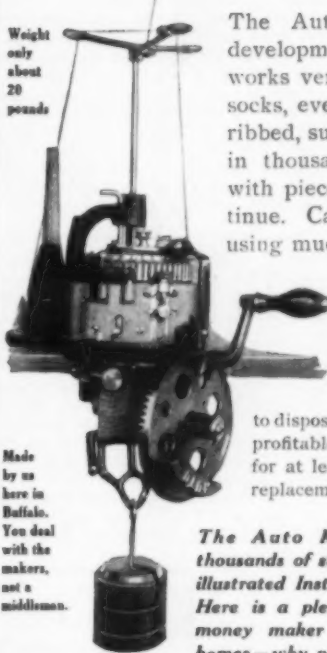


# FAIRY SOAP

*"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"*

## Peace Work at War Pay

We guarantee it for 3 years after the war with the fast, reliable Auto-Knitter. Socks always needed.



Weight  
only  
about  
20  
pounds

Made  
by us  
here in  
Buffalo.  
You deal  
with the  
makers,  
not a  
middleman.

The Auto Knitter is the most modern development of the Knitting machine. It works very fast and turns out high grade socks, even better than hand knit, plain or ribbed, such as the world has always needed in thousands. Sent guaranteed perfect, with piece of work started, ready to continue. Can do the work of 20 hand knitters, using much less yarn.

### Just Like Knitting Dollars

Making money? Yes, indeed—if you are willing we gladly arrange, without time limit, to take all the Auto Knitted socks you do not wish to dispose of otherwise, and guarantee you highly profitable war-time rates of pay for your work for at least three years after the war. We send replacement yarn FREE when working for us.

*The Auto Knitter works by turning a handle—thousands of stitches a minute. It is easily learnt, our illustrated Instruction System is very clear and simple. Here is a pleasant, permanent, money maker in thousands of homes—why not yours too?*

War Relief Organizations throughout the Allied countries are using Auto-Knitters with wonderful results, and will continue to do so for many years to come.

### More Socks the Urgent Call

Answer it—now—and you provide yourself with a good income maker at home with the Auto-Knitter, no matter where you live. Here is one industry, at least, that will show huge demands in peace as well as war time. We know it and are now guaranteeing our war-time pay rates and bonus for three years after peace is declared. Our companies have been in business for many years and have never been able to fill the demand for Auto-Knitted socks.

Write today for full particulars enclosing 3c stamp, and see what you and your family can now earn at home.

**AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., INC.**  
Dept. 88A, 821 Jefferson St., Buffalo, N. Y.



Made on the  
Auto-Knitter  
in 10  
minutes

In Canada:  
Auto-Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co.,  
Limited, 607 Colby St., Toronto

## Miss Henrietta's Will

[Continued from page 4]

"No, I did not think you would quarrel," he said slowly.

"Then what do you mean, Philip?" She was looking at him curiously.

"He does not mean anything!" said Chauncey, laughing. He seemed to have recovered his composure. But his face was keen as he watched the other man's.

"I think I do mean something!" said Philip Marsden—as if he made a quick decision. He turned to the girl.

"You know that a witness to a will can not inherit anything under it?" he asked quietly.

She stared at him. Her face flushed. "But—! Why, Henri always meant—!" She broke off. "What a silly thing law is!" She spoke a little contemptuously. Then, with decision, "I shall tell Henri."

Both men stared at her. Philip Marsden smiled gently.

"I would!" he said. He did not add that Henrietta had discussed her will with him, a week ago. "None of my family needs it," she had said. "It shall go to Celia!" And Philip Marsden did not quite believe that Henrietta was ignorant of the law. He only wondered.

"I will tell her—if you would like me to," he said.

"Oh, no! I will tell her myself," said the girl. "She just didn't know."

Over her head the glances of the two men met. Chauncey Marriott's was quietly disapproving. "Aren't we meddling with what does not concern us?" he asked coldly.

"It concerns Celia," said Philip Marsden.

"I think it would have been better to say nothing about it—In better taste," he added in a tolerant tone.

"I think it is better to tell her," retorted Marsden. If there was a little sharp significance in the words, it escaped the girl's ear.

"Of course I shall tell her," she said practically. "I shall tell Henrietta—the first thing in the morning!"

But in the morning Henrietta Flint turned a deaf ear to words of love and devotion and to the making of wills. Her spirit had signified its last will on earth and sought fulfillment elsewhere.

Heart-broken and stunned, the girl took up the details of the days before the funeral, welcoming guests, seeing that rooms were comfortable and trains met. There was a large family—though no relatives nearer than cousins. They all came for Henrietta's funeral. The Flints were a cheerful family, and Henrietta's death did not subdue the cheer with which they met.

But Henrietta would have liked that, Celia told herself, as she hurried about her duties. No one expected her to mourn. She was merely Henrietta's companion, a young woman who had lived with her the last five years, and evidently an efficient person. The house was well-cared for.

Only two men watched her coming and going, with a little wonder. They, perhaps, looked for some weakening and spared her at every point. She only thanked them quietly.

To the relatives, the attitude of the two men was admirable. They knew them as old friends of Henrietta's and regarded their devotion as a tribute to her worth.

In Chauncey Marriott's attitude there was a certain puzzling reserve. Not once did he betray a feeling deeper than that of chivalrous devotion to one who was bereft by Henrietta's death. . . . There had been no return to the tenderness of the brief scene before the fire.

Sometimes, watching the assiduous countenance he turned to her, she wondered whether it could be the same she had seen

light up that night when he spoke her name with a seeming depth of emotion that called an answer from her heart. What had it meant? What had she felt in those few startled moments when she guessed that this grave, reserved man cared for her like that? She recalled dimly something Henrietta said once, with one of her quick laughs—"Humor and love are alike, child. You fall into both of them through the unexpected!" Was it that—the surprise of seeing Chauncey's eyes looking at her that made her fancy she was in love with him? Chauncey's eyes regarded her now respectfully, solicitously, but they said nothing about being in love!

If, deep in her heart, was a suspicion that made the part he had chosen to play a little ignoble, she thrust it back. He was Henrietta's friend. And all who had been her friends were drawn together now in loving loyalty to do her honor.

When the last words had been spoken that removed Henrietta from the circle of the living, and they gathered in the drawing-room to listen to her will, no heart beat more quickly. The Flints were not poor and they knew Henrietta was just. There would be bequests for all of them—larger or smaller. And of course money is welcome. But they felt no keen interest in the will.

THERE were the expected bequests to the family, smaller on the whole—much smaller than had been expected. But Henrietta was always queer. They accepted the smallness of the bequests placidly.

There were legacies to the servants, including William and the gray horses. On the humbler outskirts of the drawing-room, William was already wrestling with the problem of the horses, and not unhappily on the whole. How well Miss Henrietta had understood him! There was not a dry eye among those who had served her, as the will was read. The public bequests followed. Then there was named the sum of ten thousand dollars "to my lifelong friend, Chauncey Marriott, in token of a service he once rendered me." And then, a singular clause—"To my dearest friend, Celia Goldthwaite, knowing that she has sufficient for her needs, I leave no other bequest than the memory of our life together and the hope that all her life will be as happy and as deeply serene as she has made mine."

The Flints stared and smiled. It would seem that Henrietta was queerer than they knew. They glanced at the quiet girl across the room. She was looking before her, a smile in her shining eyes, as if they saw something invisible to the rest of the room. Chauncey Marriott, his hands folded on the top of his stick, was looking down into his hat. It bore a wide band of crape.

Philip Marsden seated by the door cast a quick glance at the girl—as if he would shield her from the curious Flints. He met the dancing light in her face with a little tension of sympathy and delight. She was more wonderful than he thought, he told himself quickly. She was worthy of Henrietta's love! He looked away gravely. No one would have guessed from his impassive face that he held something carefully guarded beneath it—not even the girl herself suspected it, he knew. Perhaps Henrietta guessed. He had thought once or twice, when he saw her looking at him with the little smiling, quizzical twinkle he

knew so well, that perhaps Henrietta knew. He started, and looked up in sharp surprise.

Out of the preamble of words, his own name had emerged. Everyone was leaning forward, a little intent. The bulk of Henrietta's fortune was still to be heard from. In the depths of his hat Chauncey's gaze held itself suspended. The girl's eyes on the lawyer's face were puzzled. The lawyer's voice went on monotonously.

But no figures shaped themselves. No sums were named. Out of the maze of words only one fact stood out clear and distinct. The bulk of Henrietta's fortune was still untouched and went to Philip Marsden.

The room drew a quick breath and sat up. They glanced at the man by the door. His face was flushed and his lips opened as if to utter a protest. Then they closed on a little grim smile. He was thinking of how shrewd and lovable and altogether adorable Henrietta was in getting her own way.

The house was partly dismantled and ready to be left. Celia Goldthwaite, standing in the great drawing-room, looked about her with tender eyes. She was saying goodbye to the part of her life that belonged to Henrietta Flint. For two months she had directed the work of cleaning and repairing and putting the house in order for the new owner. Philip Marsden had decided to occupy it, and she had found herself taking a quiet pleasure in doing the things that Henrietta would have liked—making the house express her welcome to him.

She was glad of the respite that left her alone in the house with Henrietta's presence for company. The days passed in dream-like memory. Only Philip Marsden occasionally looked in on her. . . . Her work was finished now.

Not for a moment had she questioned the bequest—so strangely made. When her fortune was adjusted and a few debts—contracted that she might live suitably with Henrietta—when these were paid and a small house purchased, she would have an income of five hundred dollars a year. Perhaps Henrietta had thought her fortune was larger when she referred to it as sufficient for her needs. Sufficient for Augsburg, perhaps, but not here. She must supplement it in some way—as a secretary or companion.

The one servant left in the house came to the door and announced some one and disappeared. She looked up quickly.

Philip Marsden stood in the doorway. He was the owner of the room now, she thought a little wistfully as she watched him cross the space between them. He took her hand gravely.

"I wanted to see you before you went," he said.

"Yes. We have finished, I think. I was just looking about to see."

"Where are you going?" he asked abruptly.

Her lip quivered. "I thought of Berwick. Henrietta and I were there last year, you know. It is quiet—and restful. I need a rest before I begin work, I think."

He nodded, as if beginning work were a matter of course and taking a rest quite reasonable. He turned restlessly and moved a few steps away. Her eyes followed him.

"I feel as if she were still here," she said quietly.

"She is!" He turned and faced her. "Do you know why Henrietta left it to me?" he asked keenly. She stared a little.

"Why, because she wanted you—"

He stooped and kissed her.

"Do you know now?" He was smiling a little. But she shook her head and drew back. She seemed to waken from a dream.

"Why, Philip!" she said wonderingly. He took her hands and looked down at her.

"No—no! You must not be sorry for me—like this!" she said.

"I am not sorry," he retorted. "I love you! Henrietta knew—"

She was moving from him—some one coming up the steps had caught her eye. She passed swiftly into the hall. It was the old lawyer.

"Did you want to see me?" she asked. She was a little breathless.

"I wanted to give you this," he said. He delivered a paper with a little formal air, as if the act were of more than ordinary importance.

YES? She took it, bewildered. "Will you come in?" He entered and placed his hat and stick on the hall-table with quiet precision.

"I shall be glad to explain any of the details," He motioned to the paper in her hands. "Miss Flint chose to make it a trust-deed for three hundred thousand—to be delivered to you two months after her death. She seemed, for some reason, to prefer this to the usual bequest by will."

He paused, and the keen, legal eyes resting on her face held a little smile, suggesting that the lawyer was not without a shrewd guess as to Miss Henrietta's reason. "The deed was executed immediately before the will," he went on, "leaving the property to be disposed of that—"

She glanced quickly toward the closed door of the room she had quitted. "Then Philip Marsden—"

He gave a little formal bow. "The residuary legatee inherits a comfortable sum—though less than the face of the will might perhaps indicate." His smile was friendly and dry.

She looked from him to the closed door, and then down at the paper in her hands.

"Does he know—Philip Marsden?"

The old lawyer shook his head shrewdly. She looked up to him quickly.

"Would you mind coming a little later in the day, to explain it to me—or let me come to you?" she asked. "I find I have something to do."

He smiled at her appeal and took up his hat and cane. "It will be a pleasure to come to you," he said.

He left her standing with her fortune in her hands.

She looked down at it.

And then at the closed door.

She opened it gently. Philip Marsden, by the window, was gazing out.

"Philip—" She spoke the name softly.

He wheeled about. She was looking at him with misty eyes and holding out to him something in her hand.

"Henri has left me this. But I think she meant it for you—if you'll take me with it." She was regarding him wistfully.

He stared a second—at the paper and at the tears in her eyes. Then with a quiet laugh he was holding her in his arms. . . . If a little sigh went stealing through the room, it was perhaps the last faint straying trace of Henrietta's will. . . . Or was it only the northwest wind out there moving among the trees?

He waited till she lifted her face. Then he brushed the tears from it, and bent and kissed her gently and gravely.

not—. There are a few rough spots in the road, but on the whole it is not so bad. It's about like the Lindsey Brook trip—fine to talk about after it's over. Ask me about lories, limbers, water-wagons, ambulances, mule-wagons, guns, trains, troop-trains, dispatch-riders, gas, songs, shell-fire, air-raids.

Just stopped to watch a Jerry plane beating it for home with shrapnel and tracer bullets humming at his heels.

I don't think I told about the pig in N—. We were living in pup-tents in an apple orchard. It was necessary to detail one of the boys each day as "Pig Police" or "Hog Cop." The old pig rooted through our tents a couple of times while we were out on drill. She not only ate our hardtack but also soap, toothpaste, shaving cream and a plug of tobacco.

Good-night! W.

MONDAY 29TH.

Dead tired to-day, a very sleepy job of guard last night. Washed, shaved, read, etc. To-day stood guard again from noon till 4 P. M. So sleepy now I can't see straight. "Most time for retreat. Clear sky once more, first we've had for a long time. Guns quiet. Just rigged up a shell-case gear the tent for a gas gong. Here's hoping we don't have to use it.

Heavy bombardment out front last night. A steady barrage drum fire besides gun fire of all calibres, some of them pretty

heavy. A steady flicker in the sky with occasional higher flashes (white). Anti-aircraft guns were at work also sending up shrapnel after one of Jerry's machines. Quite a screech to these shells "Bung! ZZZZZZ plop!" They explode with a flat slap that sounds like shaking a blanket. I've been fooled by hearing the boys shaking their bedding and have looked for the puffs of smoke. Sometimes it sounds like the "putt" when a football is kicked. The smoke hangs quite a while. Jerry's is black. Ours is white. Machine guns sound like pneumatic rivetting machines used on steel construction.

A little strenuous

work this morning strengthening our sleeping quarters with sand-bags (pronounced "mud-bags"). Jo Bayer and I topped ours off with a row of sods—quite a front lawn.

WEDNESDAY P. M.

We have made a few changes in our machine-gun squad. I go up from No. 7, ammunition runner, to No. 5, scout. This is

the fellow who works out ahead of the squad when advancing. If nothing happens to him, the squad knows it is safe to come along. The only advantage I see is the fact that the scout gets first choice of shell-holes.

Last night a few German shells

wandered over here and blew holes in our wheat fields, but did no other harm. A long hissing flight that sounds as if the shell were wabbling and twisting, end over end, a-sw w w w ish-a wish, a-wish a-wish—Bang!"—with one hell of a crash like a heavy crack of thunder. Then a hole in the ground and a low cloud of amber smoke that hangs over the place for quite a while. When our guns fire, it is just the reverse—the bang first and the whistle after it. We hear the "swisha" also, but it dies away instead of increasing.

You might tuck in a piece of gum or a pinch of tea when you write.

I'd sure like to have a talk with you tonight and a hike, a bus-ride, a beer and a show and some good American candy.

I sometimes say I'd like to do this country in peace time for a naturalist's trip, but I know that when I once hobble up a gang plank, headed for Hoboken, no part of Europe will ever see my hoofs again.

Managed to save a little pocket money so I'm sending home 102.60 Francs (\$18) for Pop to deposit for me. Not much chance to buy anything here as supplies are hard to transport. Very good eggs 12 cents each. French chocolate 75 cm. package, crackers (biscuit) very hard to get here, although there are plenty further back.

Getting chilly so I'll make up my bunk. I hope we land at Hoboken. Good-night, Jo ———. W.

## The Prize-Winning Soldier Letter

[Continued from page 11]

### The Prize-Winners

#### FIRST PRIZE, A \$50.00 LIBERTY BOND

Mrs. John P. McMahon, Newtonville, Mass.

Letter from Her Son

#### SECOND PRIZE, \$25.00 IN U. S. S.

Minnie Rice, Union, S. C.

Letter of a Neighbor's Son

#### THIRD PRIZE, \$15.00 IN U. S. S.

Mrs. B. K. Fisher, St. Louis, Mo.

Letter from Her Son

#### FOURTH PRIZE, \$10.00 IN U. S. S.

Mrs. Maria Adkins, Centerville, Mo.

Letter from Her Son

#### FIFTH PRIZE, \$5.00 IN U. S. S.

Mrs. J. C. Guthrie, Pearisburg, Va.

Letter from Her Son



# ARGO



## CORN STARCH

### Cooking—Pastries—Bread and Cakes—Puddings

**P**ROBABLY you too are one of the women who are finding new and delicious uses for corn starch every day—in fact, for every meal. Women all over the country are having wonderful success with Argo Corn Starch in scores of delightful recipes.

Not alone smooth, creamy gravies and sauces, and simple puddings—but crisp, delicate pastries; flaky rolls, bread and biscuits; rich, tender cakes and cake fillings; and desserts that many housewives have never thought it possible to make at home.

Here are three recipes you will like to try. Argo is the corn starch to use—because of its extreme purity and delicacy.

#### Pie Crust

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup flour, with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Argo Corn Starch,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoonful of baking powder, two tablespoonful Mazola,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cold water  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoonful salt. Sift flour, corn starch and baking powder in a bowl, add shortening, rub fine through flour, add last water and salt. Turn out on board, roll lengthwise till smooth and use as desired.

out with beaten egg and sprinkle with bread crumbs. Pour in above mixture and bake in medium oven till crust is light brown.

Beat the whites very, very stiff, add one tablespoonful powdered sugar. Arrange by spoonfuls on top of pie and set in hot oven to brown a nice color to suit taste. Serve cold.

#### Parkerhouse Rolls

2 cups flour 1 cup luke warm milk  
1 cup Argo Corn Starch 1 teaspoon Mazola  
1 teaspoon salt Yolk of 1 egg  
1 yeast cake

Sift flour, corn starch and salt in a bowl, add Mazola, then the yeast mixed with milk, next yolk of egg. Beat 10 minutes. Then turn out on board, add flour and knead till dough is firm but does not stick to hands. Place in the bowl, cover and let rise to double its bulk. Then turn out on board. Cut out about one inch thick in fancy shapes, put on greased pans, let rise to double size and bake till done, in medium heated oven.

#### Orange Cream Pie

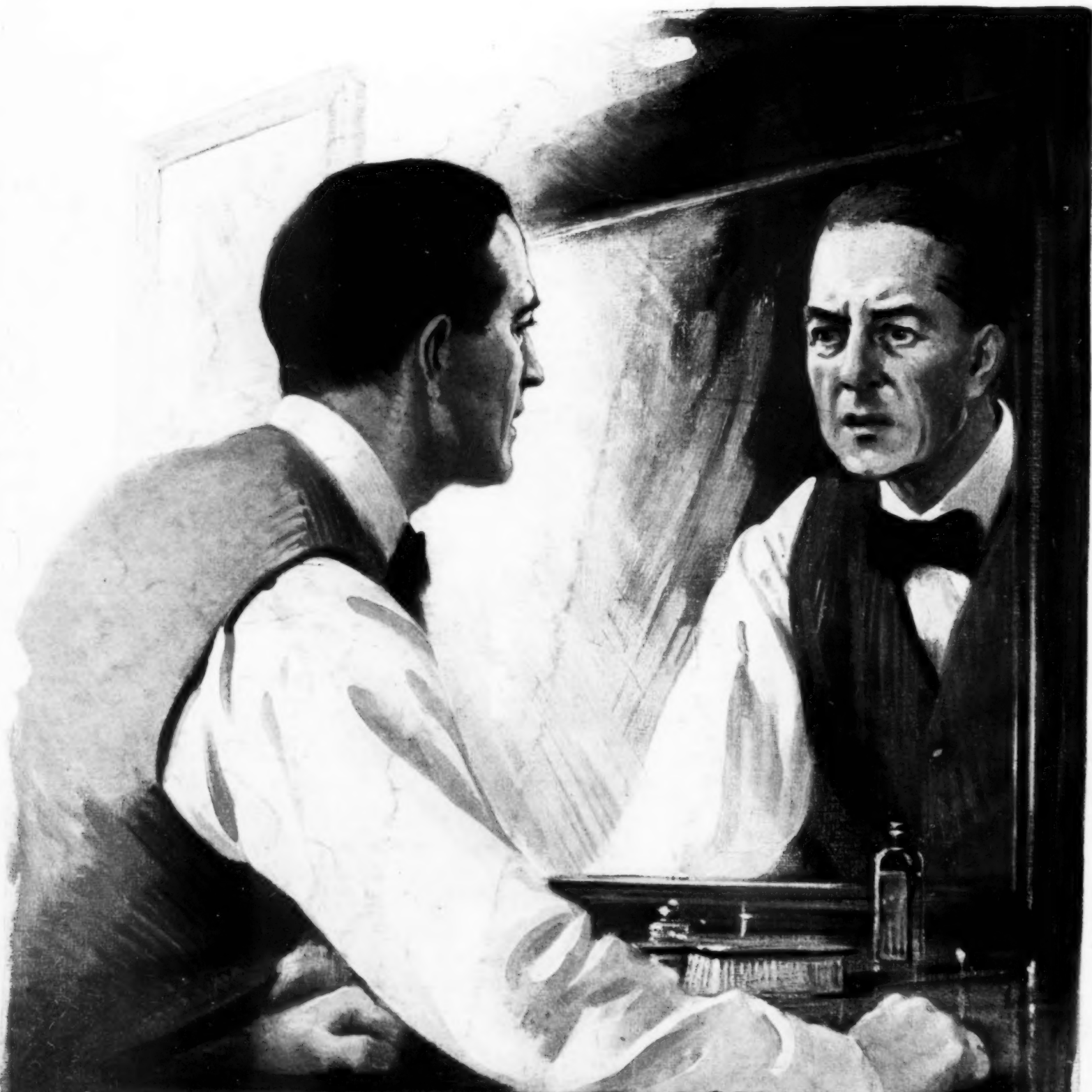
1 tablespoon Argo Corn Starch Rind  $\frac{1}{4}$  orange  
 $\frac{1}{4}$  cup water Juice 1 orange  
 $\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoon sugar Juice  $\frac{1}{2}$  lemon  
1 tablespoonful Karo Yolks of 2 eggs  
Place in saucepan over the fire the corn starch, water, sugar and Karo. Boil five minutes. Remove from fire, add yolks, orange rind and juice of lemon and orange, mix well.  
Line a greased pie pan with a very thin pie crust. Brush

Will you send us your favorite Corn Starch Recipes?  
Thousands of Argo users would be glad to know them.

CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY  
P. O. Box 161 Dept. B New York City



KARO is a delicious syrup. It not only conserves sugar, but adds materially to the delicacy of your cooking. MAZOLA is the fine, pure oil from corn. Wonderful for shortening, frying and salad dressing.



Great Scot! Do I Look Like That?  
Guess I better change some of my habits  
among them coffee-drinking and try

**INSTANT POSTUM**

*"There's a Reason"*